



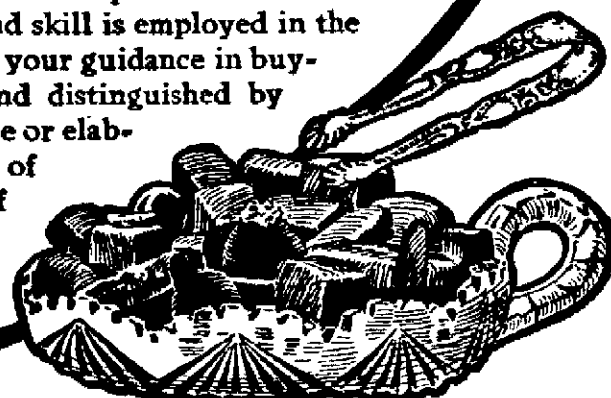
The Confection of Perfection

There is no greater test of skill in the art of blending confections than the manufacture of chocolates. The realization of perfection in this art awaits you in a box of

Lenox Chocolates

One taste surprises—another fascinates—a third proclaims them the Confection of perfection. The same art and skill is employed in the manufacture of 500 different sweets and for your guidance in buying, they are all known as Necco Sweets and distinguished by the Seal. Whether your taste be for simple or elaborate candy you will find the perfection of its kind in a box bearing the Seal of Necco Sweets.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.,
Summer and Melcher Sts.,
Boston, Mass.



You Can Find All The

Newest Styles in Hats and Caps

for Men and Boy's at Our Store.

— A Big Line Just Opened —

Men's Spring Overcoats and Raincoats

Newest Styles in Men's Suits Coming In Every Day.

Everything that's new in Men's, Women's and
Children's Shoes for Spring.

W. H. FAY.

3 Congress St. Portsmouth, N. H.

JUST RECEIVED

A Large Shipment of Spring Goods of the Latest Styles.

Be sure and call and see our Spring
styles of Men's, Ladies' and Chil-
dren's Shoes of the finest quality
and up-to-date styles.

Pettigrew Brothers,

37 Congress St.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Wood Letters, Scrolls and Ornaments for Signs
a Specialty.

Plate Rail with Brackets and Combination
Plate Rail and Picture Moulding

Picture Mouldings to Match all Papers.

GARDNER V. URCH

No. 23 Hanover Street.

Residence Telephone 52-5

MR. TETLEY IS CHOSEN

As Prohibition Candidate For Governor

AT CONVENTION IN CONCORD ON WEDNESDAY

Concord, March 22.—The state convention of the Prohibition party was held in this city on Wednesday and Rev. E. B. Tetley of Meredith was nominated for governor. Rev. A. H. Morrill of Laconia is the candidate for congressman from the first district and S. D. Noyes of Colebrook is the second district nominee.

Other nominations were as follows:

State senators—District 1, A. W. Walker, Lancaster; district 2, S. C. Sawyer, Littleton; district 3, C. H. Dimick, Lyme; district 4, S. D. Leavitt, Wolfeboro; district 5, W. Mason, Farnsworth; district 6, D. C. Knowles, Tilton; district 7, Charles A. Davis, Acworth; district 8, H. R. Hubbard, Franconia; district 9, J. H. Bliss, Webster; district 10, Thomas W. Stewart, Concord; district 11, J. B. Higgins, Canterbury; district 12, Arthur Berry, Rochester; district 13, F. L. Sprague, Keene; district 14, W. B. Richards, Dublin; district 15, C. F. Burge, Hollis; district 16, J. R. Dismore, Manchester; district 17, W. F. Moulton, Manchester; district 18, A. D. Prince, Manchester; district 19, L. H. Pillsbury, Derry; district 20, Harvey E. Whitcomb, Nashua; district 21, R. E. Meras, Exeter; district 22, C. W. Hayes, Madbury; district 23, W. S. Stockwell, Epping; district 24, C. T. Wiggins, Portsmouth.

No councilor nominations were made.

The platform adopted reaffirms the policies of absolute prohibition and equal suffrage. It also declares in favor of government ownership and control of public utilities.

These county officers were chosen: Rockingham county, chairman R. E. Meras of Exeter; secretary, Daniel Elliott of Exeter; Strafford, chairman, A. G. Berry of Rochester; Carroll, Samuel Leavitt of Wolfeboro; Merrimack, F. B. Heath of Concord; Hillsborough, Rev. H. R. Hubbard of Franconia; secretary, A. D. Prince of Manchester; Cheshire, L. F. Richardson of Dublin; Grafton, E. C. Chase of Lebanon; secretary, A. E. Harvey of Lebanon; Coos, Samuel T. Noyes of Colebrook; secretary, A. W. Walker of Lancaster; Belknap, D. M. Boynton of Lakeport; secretary, C. O. Hopkins of Lakeport.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CLOSE TOMORROW

The public schools close tomorrow for the usual Spring vacation of one week.

KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across The River

RAILWAY SNOW PLOW JUMPS TRACK

Members of Crew Suffer More Or Less Severe Injuries

GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, March 22.
A snow plow on the Portsmouth, Dover and York street railway left the rails at four o'clock Wednesday afternoon, with the result that four men were slightly injured.

In charge of Lewis Cotton, it was proceeding eastward from Elliot, when the forward plow struck a rail of the Boston and Maine railroad at the crossing where that line enters the navy yard.

The car was instantly derailed and stopped so suddenly that the five occupants were thrown heavily. Cotton was pitched through a window, sustaining an ugly cut on the head, in which Dr. Shapleigh took three stitches. Percy Amee had his face cut by flying glass, Amos Amee had two ribs fractured. Arthur Hutchings and Frank Morse, the remaining members of the crew, had the wind knocked out of them and were otherwise shaken up.

The forward end of the plow was totally demolished and the floor torn up. An hour's work was necessary to put the car on the rails again.

The accident seems to have been unavoidable and no blame attaches to any of the crew, as a casting was found to have broken.

The snow plow had just come from the scene of a skirmish with the selectmen of Elliot. It seems that there happened to be some snow in the highway to which neither the Portsmouth, Dover and York street railway nor the town of Elliot could give storage room and troops of the latter cause were engaged in throwing it onto the track, while the snow plow calmly rolled back and forth, removing it.

After an indecisive combat of some hours, the army of the P. D. and Y. was returning homeward when the above mentioned unfortunate accident occurred.

The removal of the snow by workmen was not fast enough to satisfy the selectmen.

A regular meeting of the Masons was held in Odd Fellows' Hall on Wednesday evening.

Republicans should bear in mind the caucus for the nomination of their candidates for town officers, which will be held at Odd Fellows' Hall this evening.

The eleventh assembly under the direction of the Algonquid Club was held on Wednesday evening at Wentworth Hall.

A spelling match, under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor Society, will be held at the Second Christian Church this evening. Members of the Court Street Christian Endeavor Society of Portsmouth are invited guests.

A number of Kittery people saw "Samantha Allen" at Freeman's Hall in Portsmouth on Wednesday evening.

James McMahon is moving his family into the Harriet Trefethen house at Locke's Cove.

Daniel Hill, a life-long resident of this town, is critically ill at the home of his daughter in Portland.

The Grafton Club entertainment in Portsmouth was well patronized by Kittery people on Wednesday afternoon.

Clarence Gowen, formerly of Rogers road, moved his family to Portsmouth today.

Attorney Charles C. Smith of Law-

rence, Mass., passed Wednesday evening in town.

Kittery Point

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Bayliss of Everett, Mass., arrived on Tuesday evening for a visit with the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth Seaward.

Fred Rollins of Concord, N. H., made a short visit to his Summer cottage on Wednesday afternoon.

A regular meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society was held on Wednesday evening at the house of Mrs. S. D. Church.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth Seaward, who has been very ill, is much improved in condition.

Fears which were entertained for the safety of the auxiliary fishing sloop Celt, which left here a little before the storm of Monday for York, were put at rest when it became known on Wednesday afternoon that it reached port safely at one o'clock of that day. The Celt is owned by Ralph Seaward and is manned by himself and Morton Seaward.

Hard luck seems to be following Foreman Lewis Cotton of the Portsmouth, Dover and York car barn, who was injured in an accident on Wednesday afternoon, while in charge of a snow plow. He had hardly recovered from a broken wrist, sustained by jumping from a working car to escape a falling wire last Fall, when the second mishap overtook him.

The scheme for dredging Pepperell's Cove is very popular in town and especially among seafaring visitors to the port. If the cove had never been an anchorage, we might have been more content with it as it is; but to have its usefulness dragged out from under our eyes because of its decreasing depth, is very aggravating. All hope for the success of the petition for this project, which was sent in last November.

The 258th annual report of the town of Kittery was circulated on Wednesday. A perusal of the book shows that but few of the appropriations were overdrawn, which shows good management on the part of the town officers.

Amos Amee, who was injured by the snow plow accident on Wednesday afternoon, is confined to his bed, but is fairly comfortable.

WOMAN WAS FOUND

An Italian business man at the North End reported that his wife had skipped on Wednesday and he put the police at work on the case. The officers soon had her located in Portland and she was sent back to her home in this city.

"Had dyspepsia or indigestion for years. No appetite, and what I did eat distressed me terribly. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me."—J. H. Walker, Sunbury, Ohio.

CLAIM IS MADE

State of New Hampshire Wants \$30,000

FROM THE COFFERS OF THE NATION

For Land And Fort at Portsmouth Harbor Entrance

CESSION TO GOVERNMENT IN 1791 AND CLAIM MADE IN 1903

(BY BAYARD C. RYDER)

Washington, March 22.—There are now pending in the committees on claims of the Senate and of the House bills providing for the payment of the sum of \$30,000 to the state of New Hampshire for the tract of land,

(Continued on fourth page)

Geo. B. French Co

IN SPITE OF THE SNOW DRIFTS

We are keeping in touch with coming fash-
ions and you can make early selections and
be in advance of later buyers. * * *

SPRING IS HERE AND LIKEWISE VERY STYLISH SUIT WEAR

A Noticeable Lot OF COVERT JACKETS, de-
signed for stylish wear at a low
price. Full line of sizes have come in. Price..... \$5.00

These Are The Latest SOME BEAUTI-
FUL SUITS of
Chiffon Panama, a material of decidedly pleasing character. The
Eton style, which is more than ever popular, shown in shades of
Reseda, Navy Blue and Black. Special price, per Suit..... \$18.00
CHARMING SUITS in the finest new shades, including the
"Alice Blue." Per Suit..... \$25.00

About Skirts

Light and Dark Gray Mixtures, in Checks, Hair Line
Stripes and Novelty Mixed Goods.

New Shapes in C. B. Corsets

Noted for excellent fit and wear. High Bust, \$1.50 to \$2.50
Long or Short Hip. From.....

The Real Caledonia Shirting

Colors are woven and fast, very much in demand for Shirt
makers..... 12 1-2c

Chambrays

At an Extreme Low Price. These are adapted to
so many uses, Dress Wear and Waist Wear. Our
price..... 8c

Eden Cloth

Shown in soft shades of Pink and Blue
with stripes of Gray or White. Has a
fleece finish and much called for for present wear Waists.
Only..... 12 1-2c

Geo. B. French Co

IMPOSSIBILITY

Is The Demanded Uniform Wage Scale

SAY OPERATORS IN ANSWER TO MINERS

Wages Of Some Men Would Be Raised 150 Per Cent

BESIDE THIS 8-HOUR DAY AND 10 PER CENT INCREASE INSIGNIFICANT

New York, March 21.—The demands of the anthracite mine workers for a readjustment of wages and conditions in the anthracite fields would, if granted by the operators, mean a veritable revolution in mining conditions, according to a statement issued by the operators' committee of seven today. The statement declares it to be a mistake to assume that an eight-hour day and a ten per cent wage increase represents the sum total of the demands of the miners. "The new and uniform scale," says the statement, "would place every man on the same basis, increasing the wages of some men as much as 150 per cent. The average increase under the uniform scale would be near thirty per cent. for outside manufacture. The proposed schedule would mean a veritable revolution in mining conditions."

The statement says that the miners insist upon a uniform wage scale for 14 separate and distinct classes of workmen about the mines. "For years," it continues, "the operator and employee have recognized the different value of labor in different localities, and even in different sections of the same colliery. Yet now the miners' committee demands equal pay for the engineer who runs a little 10-horse power engine and the man who has a giant engine in his charge. They allow no more for the men working under great difficulties and dangers than for the same class of workers at posts of ease and simplicity."

The statement adds: "Under the new demands hundreds of employees would receive better than twice their present pay. There are many men whose wages range from 9.1 to 10.2 cents an hour, some of whom would have 140 per cent. added."

"There are screen and picker bosses and car oilers who would profit ninety-three per cent.; trackmen who would do even four per cent. better than that."

"The sweeping demands of the mine workers would double the wages of many 'inside' men. While the general average of increase for inside labor would approximate 22.8 per cent. and most of these men thus employed would receive under the schedule at issue advances of one-fifth to one-quarter in their pay, there would be a great many men and boys working at the easier tasks, involving less responsibility and less danger, who would have their wages doubled."

"There are seven pumpmen in the Hazleton No. 1 mine of the Lehigh division in the Lehigh valley district that would profit 167 per cent."

Conference Opened

Indianapolis, Ind., March 21.—The joint scale committee named yesterday by the joint conference of the coal operators and miners of the central competitive field went into session today at the Claypool hotel.

As soon as an agreement is reached by the committee, or if it decides to disagree, a report will be made by it to the joint conference, which will be called to receive the report. Should an agreement be reached by the committee it must be ratified by the joint conference.

A joint conference of the operators and miners of the southwest district went into session today at the Claypool hotel. This conference has for its object the adoption of a wage scale for the southwest coal fields.

It was moved that the scale proposed by the miners at the January joint conference be adopted. The miners voted "aye" and the operators "no," and the motion was lost. The rules of the conference requiring a unanimous vote to adopt.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

Washington, D. C., March 21.—The Federal Reserve commission today gave out for publication the following notice: "Upon reports to the



BOYS!

Be Our Guests FOR FIVE WEEKS NEXT SUMMER

At Our Camp in Maine

All Railway, Camp and Other Expenses of every boy who goes will be paid by

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

There will be Fishing, Swimming, Rowing, Mountain Climbing—plenty of fun and wholesome, healthy living—and we pay all the expenses. Your parents will gladly let you go when they learn of our plans for your happiness and our precautions for your safety.

Any boy under eighteen who sells the magazine is eligible for membership in The Boys' Camping Club. If you want to go, write at once; ask us to send you details together with ten copies of the next issue of the magazine. The copies will be mailed to you entirely without charge. These you can sell at five cents each, and thus provide the money for the following week's supply at the wholesale price. Full information will go with the magazine, including a twenty-page illustrated booklet, "A Boy's Camping Club," telling how to become a member, and another booklet, "Boys Who Make Money," giving clever plans of some successful boy agents. Write today.

\$250.00 IN CASH as Extra Prizes for Boys Who Do Good Work NEXT MONTH

The Curtis Publishing Company, 1728 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

commission that many shippers in and about the city of New York have been persistently underbidding and misrepresenting freight shipped by railroads from that city and other points in eastern territory, the commission has ordered an investigation and set the matter down for hearing at United States court rooms, New York city, on Friday, March 23, at 10:30 a. m. It is expected that some highly interesting developments will take place indicating fraud on the part of the shippers, which amount to forced rebates from published tariff rates."

New York, March 21.—The barge Virginia Hudson of Newark, N. J., which was reported yesterday as coming in tow of tug Margaret, grounded on the west side of Swash channel at 9:25 this morning, was hauled off a few minutes later, and again grounded in Swash channel opposite Rector Beacon. The Hudson's forecast is hanging to the rigging torn to ribbons. Her other masts are missing and her port quarter is apparently stove in, probably in collision. The decks were awash with seas making a clean sweep over her.

Boston, March 21.—The death was announced today of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, the authoress, at her home in Milton yesterday. Mrs. Whitney's stories for young people, and particularly for girls, have made her name almost a household word in America. She was born in this city in 1812 and at the age of nineteen was married to Seth D. Whitney of Milton, where she made her home. Her first serious literary work began with "Mother Jones" for Brown's "Penny" published in 1859. About twenty other books followed and met with wide popularity.

Savoy, N. S., March 21.—A stick of dynamite discovered today lying in the barrow was a drag on the chain of tracks at the point of the town of Union and Steel company, because of the attempt to make it explode. It was found by a man named John, who was working on the track. The dynamite was found by a man named John, who was working on the track. The dynamite was found by a man named John, who was working on the track.

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investigation by the medical examiner, Owens was a laborer, 54 years old. The persons detained by the police include William H. Carpenter, with whom Owens boarded; his wife, Mary, their son and three boarders.

London, March 21.—The first smoking car ever reserved or women in Great Britain left a big London terminus today for Liverpool. The windows bore a large reading "Ladies smoking." The invitation attests the spread of smoking among English women during recent years.

Odessa, March 21.—As a protest against the execution, March 19, of Lieut. Schmidt, leader of the naval mutiny at Sebastopol last November, the pupils of all the local high schools struck today.

New York, March 21.—Nearly a score of families were made homeless and property valued at \$27,000 was destroyed by a fire at Polar Placent, N. J., early today. The principal business block in the village, which was occupied by several business concerns and the a station, with living apartments above, the first floor, was burned to the ground.

Boston, March 21.—The resignation of John A. Gale as president of the Boston Trust company was announced today.

Honolulu, March 21.—The battleship Oregon, which is returning to Bremerton for repairs, has arrived here from the Orient. It is reported that a structural weakness has developed under the use of the heavy guns. For some time it has been stated that there has been an order not to use the three guns except in emergencies. The Oregon will remain here for some time.

THE OPINION OF THE COURT

The supreme court of New Hampshire affirmed the decision of the state supreme court in a case involving the right of a landowner to erect a building on his land.

William E. Chandler, Daniel C. Smith and John A. Smith, all of Boston, were the defendants in a case involving the right of a landowner to erect a building on his land.

To be sure, it is good sense as well as good law. Admitting that it could have been different if it had been a different case, it is still a good law. It is a good law. It is a good law. It is a good law.

an extra session of the Legislature and will quiet the apprehensions of sincere people who have been made to believe that unless some drastic measures to prevent it were taken, Salem would become a gambling refuge, where all the evil spirits of the race track would hold their carnival without let or hindrance. It is believed the committee, a twelve of its members and all the evil spirits of the race track would hold their carnival without let or hindrance.

It is not a surprise, as we have said repeatedly, the best lawyers have from the first expected that the court would, when called upon, hold just the opinion it has handed down, and so have most level headed laymen. The court has not let or hindrance. It is believed the committee, a twelve of its members and all the evil spirits of the race track would hold their carnival without let or hindrance.

There also was a brief discussion of the power of a conference committee to amend the bill providing for the punishment of the premature divulgence of government secrets as to make the inhibition extend to senators and members of the house of representatives, but the subject was left undisposed of for the time.

The following bill was passed: Increasing the efficiency of the bureau of insular affairs of the war department by conferring on the head of the bureau of the rank of brigadier general.

At 5:05 the senate went into executive session and at 5:20 adjourned.

The house did business with a microscope in one hand and the bill making appropriation for the salaries of its officers and employees in the other.

The result was that, although five and one-half hours were spent in reading the legislative appropriation bill for amendments, less than twenty-five pages of the measure were completed.

The spirit of economy in little things was all-absorbing. Points of order were made and many of them were fatal to proposed increases in the salaries of officers, janitors, doorkeepers, messengers and laborers.

FOR BIGGER SHIPS

And Bigger Guns Is Admiral Dewey

SPEAKS BEFORE NAVAL COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE

Behind closed doors Admiral Dewey on Friday talked to the naval committee of the House on the importance of the United States going to bigger ships and bigger guns. The session was so secret that not even a stenographer was present.

The admiral spoke of what England, Germany and Japan are doing, and pointed out what might happen if the United States failed to keep up with the naval development of the times.

He advocated the building of ships of the Dreadnought class, which, he pointed out, carried ten twelve-inch guns, six of which she is able to fire straight ahead. He called the committee's attention to the fact that Germany has ordered two ships of the Dreadnought class and that Japan is building four. With great earnestness he declared that the naval battles of the future are to be fought with big ships and big guns.

The admiral also advocated the building of more submarines and more torpedo boat destroyers.

59TH CONGRESS

Doings Of Wednesday In The Senate And House

Washington, D. C., March 21.—In less than twenty minutes' time the senate yesterday voted away \$140,000,000 of the public funds. The sum is carried by the pension appropriation, which being a brief document, was made the subject of very little discussion.

The railroad rate bill was laid aside for the day, and the major portion of the time was devoted to the consideration of the fortifications appropriation bill.

In that connection the question of the necessity for sea coast fortifications in the Philippine islands was discussed at considerable length with the result that all provisions for such fortifications in those possessions was eliminated from the bill. The consideration of the measure was not concluded.

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A point of order which made the story of a coal wheeler in the engine room of the house \$720 a year instead of \$800, as proposed, caused a constitutional debate of more than an hour on the point as to whether the house could do as it saw fit in the matter of fixing the salary of its employees.

The conclusion seemed to be that it could and that it provided its own action for its guide.

However, these rules prohibited increasing a salary without provision of law.

The first round for the day was a debate as to whether the house could get as good packing boxes as the senate did for its members, and finally a move was made to eliminate packing boxes entirely from the perquisites of members, which failed.

SEEKING NEW QUARTERS

Some of the members of Oak Car-

tle, No. 1, Knights of the Golden Eagle, are advocating the hiring of the rooms in the Freeman block to be vacated by the Warner Club the last of the month for new headquarters.

THE THEATRICAL FOLK

Better Than Carle

That delightful musical comedy, "The Tenderfoot", with a big company headed by Omar L. Figman and Red White, is to be the attraction at Music Hall soon. Mr. Figman was one of the best burlesquers who ever played the title role in that delightful musical comedy and it will be interesting to see what he will do with the role of Professor Pettibone in "The Tenderfoot". Mr. Figman was said by the Chicago critics to be a better Professor Pettibone than Mr. Carle and Chicago has ever been loud in praises of the man's now starring in "The Mayor of Tokio". The company will number nearly seventy people.

A Show Pleasing to See

"Pretty girls who know how to dance, beautiful scenery, and capable leading people all go towards making the grand revival of 'The Black Crook', which is being presented at the National Theatre a show which is not only pleasing to see, but good to hear, says the Rochester (N. Y.) Evening Times of March 13. In the new production of 'The Black Crook' the features which made the show famous when it was first presented are not entirely discarded. The story is the same, but the scenery and tableaux have not been seen before. The old style of ballet dancing has been done away with and some new and up-to-date dances and songs take their places. The musical numbers are far more entertaining than the show proper.

"The dancing of the chorus is the best that has been seen at the National Theatre for some time. 'Lauds Lightner, as Rudolph, the artist, is not only a capable actor but a fine singer. Emmett O'Connor, as Treppo, the drudge of the Black Crook, furnishes the comedy. He is clever and acts his part well. Joseph Cusack, in the rather unpleasant role of the 'Black Crook' is an actor of no mean ability. Hilda Hawthorne, as Amina, has a good voice and is a good actress. The minor parts were well taken care of. Several specialties were introduced."

"The 'Black Crook' will soon be seen at Music Hall.

Keith's Theatre

A vaudeville bill is promised patrons of Keith's for the week of March 26, for it is the anniversary of the opening of that handsome playhouse, the doors having been thrown open to the public on March 26, 1894. Bostonians and New Englanders generally are proud of the handsome edifice and rightfully so, for it is known throughout the world as "the model playhouse." Houdini, whose sensational escape from the City Prison of Boston has caused more talk and gossip than any other entertainment who has been seen in the varieties, will continue to be the sensational feature of a bill that will be conspicuous because of the number of attractions of "headline" qualities it contains. During the coming six days he will have many new and original "stunts" for amusement-seekers, beside taking all corners with regulation handbills. Some of the entertainers in the surrounding show will be Chilton Crawford, a former member of "Mother Goose" company, who scored such a tremendous hit at this theatre a few weeks past that he has been engaged for another six days, will offer his unique and original monologue; Linde Rockwith, a talented young lady who sings character songs from a gold mine; Asra, novelty billiard ball manipulator; Ethel MacDonagh, the former "drummer girl" of the Follies woman's orchestra, in a new specialty of her own; Carl Victor, "the perfect man", physical culturist, and Roscoe Brothers, eccentric comedians. As usual, an entire new bill of comedy and interesting musical pictures will be exhibited in the theatre.

SPECIAL LOW RATES

To all points in Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and British Columbia, February 15th to April 7th, 1936, Round Trip Homeseekers' Tickets on special days. Write at once for information and maps to Wm. Kelly, Traveling Agent, Wisconsin Central Railway, 230 Broadway, New York City.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. F. W. Groves' signature is on box. 25c.

Merchants say that Spring trade will be a little slow to start, but they believe that it will be brisk when it starts.

SWEET CREAM BUTTER

Made by Special Process from a Thoroughly Pasteurized Cream.

Pure Cream in Any Quantity.

Delivery made in Portsmouth on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Address

Philip Farms Creamery, ELIOT, ME.



Two Days Here Each Week

WEDNESDAYS AND THURSDAYS

Madame Catoma of Boston

The Greatest Living Naturally Gifted Clairvoyant, Famous Planet Reader and Teacher of Palmistry.

She foretold the drowning accident at Old Orchard beach in 1902 and can show testimonials to that effect and many other predictions. By her wonderful power she tells the most successful course to pursue in life. She is the greatest expert and best adviser on BUSINESS INVESTMENTS, LAW-SUITS LOVE and MARRIAGE. She tells how to win the one you love, who and when you will marry, locates absent friends, lost treasures, unless he separated and tells how to succeed in business; in fact she will help you in all your troubles. Madame Catoma is not a false pretender of the science of Palmistry and Mediumship, but a Reliable Adviser on all matters, and so acknowledged by all her patrons. Consult her; a visit will convince the most skeptical that she has no equal.

Madame Catoma has exemplified her ability as a true foreteller of the future. During her stay she became a favorite of the public in Portsmouth and has decided to come each week for two days, Wednesdays and Thursdays. Positively no charge unless entirely satisfactory.

HOURS 11 A. M. to 9 P. M. PRIVATE PARLORS AT 22 PLEASANT ST. PORTSMOUTH Opposite Hotel Merrick

BOOKBINDING

Of Every Description.

Blank Books Made to Order

J. D. RANDALL

Over Fay's Store, Portsmouth, N. H.

UNTIL APRIL 6, 1936

LOW RATES

To California

From Poston \$52

With similar reductions to all Pacific Coast points, Colorado, Mexico, Arizona, California, Washington, Oregon and British Columbia.

New Tourist

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE

Via BOSTON & ALBANY R. R. Lv. Boston 2.00 p. m. week days Due Chicago 3.30 p. m. next day

Making connection in Chicago with early evening trains for the Pacific Coast, St. Paul, Seattle, Portland, and the Great Northwest.

For detailed information call on R. M. HARRIS, City Ticket Agent, 306 Washington St., Boston. A. S. HANSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

THOMAS E. CALL & SON

DEALER IN

Eastern and Western LUMBER

Shingles, Clapboards, Pickets, Etc. for Cash at Lowest Market Prices. Market Street, -- Portsmouth, N. H.

Over The Telephone.

By Ada R. Burke.

"Well, Gypsy, what is it now? Another new dress, some more spending money, or what?"

Mr. Thurston as he said this looked up from his work at a dainty little maiden who planted herself on the broad arm of his chair.

Well might he call her Gypsy, for she did indeed look much like a gypsy queen. A fair, pliant face framed in a mass of hair as dark as night, eyes equally dark and flashing, and fair olive skin faintly tinted with pink.

"No, daddy, I don't want anything particular just at present, but, of course, if you have anything to give I won't refuse; but to tell the truth it was so quiet at the house that I just had to find something to do, so I thought I might come down and tease you just a little bit."

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" her father said, laughing. "Well, I don't think you will get the chance, my dear, as I am just going down to the bank. Do you want to come with me, or are you going home again?"

"Oh, dear," cried Gratia; "I don't want to go back home."

"Well, all right, dear; you can come with me then. Just touch the bell. I'll have Jackson take care of the office until I come back. I expect Phil in any time," her father said, pointing to a bell on his desk.

"Oh, papa, please let me mind it; please do, all alone, papa; I'd just love to; will you?" questioned Gratia in one breath.

"But the telephone might ring and you wouldn't know what to do or say," her father remonstrated.

"I'll manage that all right, you just leave that to me," Gratia said, shaking her pretty head wisely.

"Well, all right; but you need assistance, touch the bell on my desk and that will bring one of the clerks. Bye! Bye!"

"I don't know what I'm going to do," she exclaimed with a sigh; "I'm sure I don't, and I am quite sure I shall never like anybody else half as well as him. If he would only ask me—oh, he is such a stupid thing, and won't say a word," and she sighed again.

"Hello!" said a voice that brought the rich color flying into her cheeks. "Hello!" she answered, changing her voice as best she could.

"Is this 98?" said the voice.

"98," Gratia answered at a guess.

"Is that you, Phil?"

"Yes," answered Gratia, a mischievous gleam in her eye; "is that you, Bob?"

"Yes, are you alone?"

"All alone," acquiesced Gratia.

"Then listen to me for a minute and don't laugh at me. I want your advice, old man, for I'm in a deuced tight fix. Say—er—you know that pretty little cousin of yours, Gratia—er I mean Miss Thurston?"

"Well, I just guess," said Gratia, trying hard to suppress the laughter that would come.

"Well, I—do you know—do you think—confound the luck, you know what I mean, Phil—why can't you help a fellow out? Well—er—I love her, yes, that's just where I'm at, heels over head in love with her, and yet I'm afraid she'll laugh at me, she has such a way of laughing at a fellow—well, and if she laughs, it's all off with me. Now can you suggest something?"

"I don't see what I can do for you, old man," Gratia answered, stopping suddenly to wonder at her own boldness, and then going on, "of course I never stopped to ask her about her private affairs."

"Of course you didn't, and I wouldn't want you to," Bob indignantly cried out.

"Now, don't get excited over nothing, old chap," retorted the listener, still greatly wondering at her own cleverness. "I guess after all she doesn't exactly hate you. Suppose you bring her a bunch of roses to-night—all red ones—and have a white one in the center. I happen to know white roses are her favorites. Ask her to choose one to wear in her hair, and if she takes the white, then ask her if she knows the language of that flower and explain your own case. If she refuses you, whisper some pretty nothings in her ear and retire from the field."

"You're a wonder," exploded the voice on the other side of the phone. "I'll take your advice and try it this very evening. Many thanks, old man; good-by."

"Good-by," Gratia said softly, and hung up the receiver just as her father came in.

"Ah!" he said, "a telephone."

"Only somebody rang up Phil," she answered, turning to pick up her things.

There is no need to say how Gratia's plan worked, but somehow she found herself saying "Yes," her voice smothered in a coat. Phil could never understand why Bob seemed so grateful to him, and of course he was best man at the wedding.

It is said that when the tomb of Childeric, a King of the first Frankish dynasty in the fifth century, was opened in the seventeenth century, hundreds of golden bees were found in it. So when the French Empire was established the golden bee was adopted as one of its emblems.

He Should Know.

"Your wife certainly has a remarkable command of language," said Gray.

"Yes, I presume she has," rejoined Smith, "but there are times when I am inclined to think it has command of her."

A LITTLE VISIT.

"I haven't seen you for a week," remarked the elderly woman in black to the young woman in gray as the two entered an elevated train.

"I've been entertaining an old friend," replied the latter with a sigh, seating herself beside the other. "May I tell you about her? It would be such a relief!" she said, plaintively.

"Certainly," said the other.

"Two weeks ago," began the younger woman, "my husband went away on a business trip. That same morning I received a letter from an old school friend saying she was visiting in Milwaukee and wished to stop off and see me on her way home in the East. I had planned to spend the coming week with mamma, but, thinking it would be delightful to renew my acquaintance with Lillian, I wrote her to come as soon as possible. Three days of waiting brought a telegram from her saying she would arrive on the 4 o'clock train that afternoon. I had barely time to order a nice dinner; then, leaving the baby with Anne, I hurried to the railway station. Lillian did not appear. Disappointed, I returned home to find a second telegram saying she would come on Friday, and would write in the meantime. This was Wednesday and my week was being spoiled. Friday brought a third telegram saying she could not come until Monday because her 12 year old sister Jeannette, who accompanied her, had been invited to a party on Saturday."

I then and there decided that the fates should never tempt me under the guise of old friendship to invite myself to another's house. Well, Monday morning came and robbed me of Anne, owing to a death in her family. I telegraphed Lillian that I wished her to postpone her visit until Thursday and told her the reason. She wired back that she'd love to help me out and would take things as she found them. But what woman who has not seen her girlhood friend for five years will not work with might and main to have everything in apple-pie order for her? I saved all day—baby teething too. At 5 o'clock a cab deposited Lillian and Jeannette at my door. Lillian declared, as she embraced me, that I must allow her to feel perfectly at home and thus avoid making extra work for me. She began by sending Jeannette, after they had retired to their room to prepare for dinner, to ask me for a piece of laundry soap. Jeannette said her sister wanted to wash out three or four white waists because it was so difficult when one was traveling to get things laundered nicely."

"I had thought dinner would be ready at 6 o'clock. A few minutes after that hour I tapped on the bathroom door. Lillian opened it and a cloud of steam rushed out. She said she was having the greatest success. She used plenty of soap and rinsed, well, which did away with rubbing and was the easiest and most economical way of washing. I wish you could have seen my usually spick and span bathroom."

"At 7 o'clock we sat down to our spoiled dinner. Baby was cross because I had been prevented from putting him to bed at his regular time. Lillian said she could account now for my changed appearance and lack of animation if baby were always as cross as that. The darling! He has a perfectly angelic nature. That evening was a nightmare. After the visitors retired I washed the dishes and crept into bed at 12 o'clock.

"The next morning I was up early because Lillian had told me soon after her arrival that her visit must be short owing to a promise she had made her aunt to go to her that day. I damped the waists Lillian had washed and I had hung them up, ironed them as best I knew how, washed and dressed baby and aroused my guests by 8 o'clock. Lillian appeared at 9 o'clock and said she had coaxed Jeannette to rest an hour longer, she was so tired, and I need not keep any breakfast for her save an orange, a little oatmeal, a cup of coffee and a slice of toast."

"I was preparing baby for his morning nap when Jeannette appeared. Lillian was engaged in ironing anew the linen waist, which it seems I should have ironed on the other side, so I put baby in his chair and served a second breakfast. About 1 o'clock Lillian said they would have an early bit of luncheon. If I did not mind, and then would leave for her aunt's. While we were at the table a telegram came from the aunt asking her niece to postpone their visit until Friday. They were delighted to remain with me. I gave the house over to them and was virtually a visitor."

"They left early this morning. Anne came unexpectedly at the same time. I'm going to celebrate my release by shopping and lunching downtown."

"You've had a trying experience," said the elder woman as she fastened her furs. "Come to see me next week and bring the baby."

"Thank you. I will if I don't go away. I haven't seen Bertha Dunston since she, Lillian and I were girls together and I'd love to tell her about Lillian's visit. I'm going to write to Bertha to-day and say that baby and I will spend a few days next week with her if it is convenient for her to have us come."

Having said this the younger woman wondered at the quizzical smile the other flashed at her as she rose to leave the car.

The elephant in his prime sleeps only five hours a night, and the older he grows the less sleep he needs.

A Mixed Order.

Tom and Polly had been occupying the den in unbroken silence for a little time. Then Polly spoke with the utmost cordially.

"The violets were perfectly lovely, Tommy, darling."

"They were beauties," said Tom. "You must have the best there are, Polly."

"That's sweet of you, Tommy," remarked Polly, tenderly. "And it's nice to think you don't send flowers to any other girl."

"I've got the one girl," said Tom, with great content in his voice.

"It's nice to think you don't send flowers to any other girl," persisted Polly.

"Why should I?" asked Tom, lazily. "When the girl I send them to can use them up faster than any girl I ever knew?"

"But it's nice to think," persisted Polly, softly, "that not another girl in all the world is getting violets—or roses, perhaps. Not from you."

Tom removed his cigar from his mouth and shot one keen glance at Polly. Then he looked lazily serene once more and sat still. Polly spoke again.

"Do you think I eat too much beef, Tommy, nowadays?"

"How often do you eat beef, Polly?" asked Tom.

"Never oftener than once a day, and just one helping then. And not always once a day."

"Then that's not enough," said Tom, promptly. "That accounts for your pale cheeks."

"I thought you said they were lovely, peaches-and-cream and too sweet for anything," said Polly, sternly.

"Well, if you don't eat more beef, it's pure paleness," said Tom, decisively. "Now, Polly, promise me you'll eat beef every lunch time at least, and every night when they have it."

"It makes people red and positively purple," said Polly, "if they eat too much of it. That was what I was afraid of—that my cheeks were getting an awful purplish red. I was afraid people were beginning to notice it—that you'd notice it. And I didn't like that. Nobody would, you know."

"Well, you have a long way ahead of you," said Tom, "before you need be afraid of getting purplish red. Purplish red!"

Tom rolled in his chair with an attack of hearty laughter. Suddenly Polly began to laugh, too. At first she seemed to be laughing with Tom, but after a minute or two that young gentleman sat slowly up and surveyed her in great doubt. Was it possible she was laughing at him instead of with him?

The doubt grew to a certainty as Polly began to mop her eyes helplessly and throw a succession of wicked glances at him.

"I was thinking—of—the other girl," she gasped when Tom's repeated commands brought a certain sort of speech out of her. "The girl who got the roses, Tommy; the girl who got the roses!"

Tom dropped heavily into a chair. "Oh! that girl! Why, Polly, she was just—a girl," he stammered, incontinent surrender, "an ordinary girl—cousin of Jimmy Reynolds. A fellow has to be decent—"

"Because," gurgled Polly, "she's feeling badly. No girl likes to be told that she's got pink eyes. Oh! yes, I got the violets and a card with this on it—'These stole their gorgeous color from your cheeks and lips and warm, great heart.'"

"Not!" thundered Tom. "Yes," declared Polly. "And it hasn't been a bit cold yet, and who ever heard of a purple heart! And I want to know what really and truly went on the other card."

"The card that Jimmy Reynolds's cousin got," admitted Tom, "read as follows: 'I kiss these blossoms, one by one, for your dear eyes, whose color outshines them as the sun the stars.' And if you'll tell me how I'm ever going to put it about those flowers—"

"Kiss 'em!" said Polly, brutally. —Illustrated Bits.

Items of Interest.

Opals, when taken from the mines, are quite soft, and can be picked to pieces with the finger nails.

Thirteen life insurance companies in Great Britain refuse to accept risks on unvaccinated persons.

The tallest inhabited house in the world is the Park Row building in New York. From the curbing to the top of the towers the height is three hundred and ninety feet.

A favorite dish with the Eskimo is an ice cream made of seal oil, into which snow is stirred until the desired consistency has been obtained; then frozen berries of different kinds are added.

A species of natural soap tree is found in Japan, China and India. By using water of alcohol the saponaceous ingredient of the fruit is extracted. The soap possessing no alkaline qualities is claimed to be superior to the ordinary soap of commerce.

Japan has more than two thousand newspapers; ten years ago not one. Japan can boast of a greater number of newspapers than either Austria or Italy, or more than Spain and Russia taken together, and twice as many as are printed on the continent of Asia.

Why He Objected.

"Of course," said the meddlesome person, "you object to baseball on Sunday."

"Yes," replied the parson. "It is impossible for me to attend on that day."

JAPAN GRABBING KOREA.

Action of the Mikado in Pyeng-Yang District Has Been Hard to Bear.

There has been one enormous grab on every hand in the city and in its environs. Military necessity is the excuse given in almost every case, says The World To-day. Two thousand acres of farming land were included in one monstrous confiscation; but the excuse of military necessity fell to the ground when the land thus seized was divided up among Japanese merchants and others. What military necessity can there be in a miscellaneous collection of civilians who have nothing to do with the military, in most cases? One cannot look into all the cases brought to one's attention, but it is beyond question that the action of the Japanese in Pyengyang has been hard to bear. The worst excesses of Korea's most corrupt officials never took on the form of such wholesale confiscations as those which have taken place at Pyengyang.

A Japanese subject owned a little plot of ground in Pyengyang, but the opening to it was very narrow. A large tiled house worth 6,000 yen stood in the way. The Japanese offered the owner 120 yen, and when it was refused the Korean was seized, dragged away to one of the Japanese compounds and brutally beaten and otherwise ill treated. He at last got away, immediately took opium and killed himself. In China this would have been a serious matter, but the Japanese laughed at it and attempted to make the man's widow give up the house. She declared she would die rather than sell on any terms.

HERO WORSHIP AND MAPS.

Names of the Presidents Have Been Given to a Number of Western Towns.

Hero worship, too, has had a hand in the making of maps. We have post offices bearing the names of every president down to and including Mr. Roosevelt, writes H. M. Kingery, in "The Language of the Map," in St. Nicholas. Only two of his predecessors are lacking in the list of counties. Naturally, the favorite in the naming of towns and counties is Washington, and he is the only president for whom a state has been named. But others than presidents enjoy these honors. Successful soldiers, sailors, statesmen, editors, authors, inventors, the heroes of ancient history and mythology, and even popular actors and athletes, share a like distinction. Our list of post offices is a long one, and contains names from almost every language living and dead, and chosen on almost every conceivable principle or impulse. Two counties in Kansas present a curious association of ideas: Greeley county has for its capital a town called Tribune, and Ulysses is the county seat of Grant. New stations were to be named along a western railway some years ago, and they were named after the members of a professional baseball team that happened just then to win the championship.

HINTS FOR THE AWKWARD.

How Mental Poise and Self-Possession May Be Acquired by Them.

Many people suffer from their awkward manners, a result of shyness and self-distrust. In some the defect is so deeply rooted that even practice and experience fail to work a cure. The cause (according to a lady who has studied the question) is mainly in the mind.

"Dancing and physical culture alone," she said, "are useless in the attempt to gain grace of movement. Such exercises will make the limbs supple, but real grace comes from within."

"The sufferer, then, should study to attain mental poise and self-possession. Once these are gained, the rest will follow, for the body is, to a great extent, the expression of the mind. Decision of mind gives decision of movement. People who slouch and shamble invariably possess a mentality to correspond. Brace up the mind, and you will brace up the body."

Fast Mail Marvel.

When rocks and hills divide Pacific coast dwellers from Atlantic coast dwellers and they each other no longer see, they can take pen and paper and write a few lines that will fly from one end of the continent to the other in 48 hours. In 1906 it first has been made possible to mail a letter from New York city and receive a reply from San Francisco within a week.

The fast mail train leaving New York on Monday at 2:45 a. m. is due at San Francisco Thursday noon. A reply mailed before six p. m. is due to reach New York at 9:30 a. m. on the following Monday. The number of passengers who benefit by extraordinarily high railway speed is a trifle compared with the public advantage represented by a saving of six hours in the time of transit of perhaps 1,000,000 letters and other mail matter carried every trip by the fast trains.

Sooner Than Usual.

"During a wedding at Grafenbaum, Austria, lightning struck the church and tore away the bridegroom's right foot," read the wife from the evening paper.

"Get! He got down up early in the game, didn't he?" said the old man, rubbing a black eye.—Yonkers Statesman.

CURIOSITY OF THE FEMALE.

It Is the Character of It That May Be the Cause of Its Condemnation.

As to a woman's curiosity, it may be said at the outset that she is not so curious by an infinite measure, as is man himself. Women, it is true, are persistently and assiduously curious; but men also are not only persistently and assiduously but patiently and systematically curious. It is the character of female curiosity that makes it apparently contemptible, says the National Magazine. Scientific men of every kind have no *raison d'être* for their infinity patient research save pure curiosity alone; and their curiosity has no more purpose in it than has the curiosity of the woman who cannot rest until she finds out all discoverable facts about her neighbors, or the cause of a mysterious sound by night.

These two forms of curiosity, the male and the female, originated no doubt in the early needs of the race long before men appeared on the earth. The male animal is interested in the causes of remote things—things which, upon being run down, might turn out useful for food purposes. The female is interested in the quick investigation of near and small things which may turn out a menace to the lives of her young. The female watches with intense and lively interest the vicinity of the nest or lair; the male is prompted to look abroad—away from the lair, in or towards fields where his daily prey is found. These two kinds of curiosity were among the most potent instruments in the struggle for racial existence and in the ultimate development of man.

THEN HE WAS CONVINCED.

The Stamp of Her Father's Boots Was His Cue to Get Away.

"George," she sobbed, as they sat in the gloaming in the front parlor, "you are getting tired of me!" "Tired of you, sweetheart?" he gasped, reproachfully, as he endeavored to stem the gushing tear-flood. "The stamp on your letter this morning," she continued, tearfully, "was placed upside down on the left-hand corner of the envelope, and t—that's a sign of w-waning affection."

"Sweet, superstitious little girl!" smiled George. "Fancy my pet believing in such awful nonsense as the language of stamps! There's no such thing, dear. That particular stamp's position merely indicated that I was in a hurry—nothing more. Hark! What's that?" he continued, as a noise like the tramping of a metal-shod giant came from overhead.

"That's father in his thick boots," she exclaimed. "Don't think me silly, George, but that stamp means danger."

And George stole silently into the atmosphere, still in a hurry, but a scouter at the language of stamps no longer.

MOTOR-BOATS IN FISHING.

The Speedy Craft Are Used to Collect and Land Catch of Fishers.

Automobile fishing boats are plying the brine off Great Britain. Competition among the fishermen on the east coast of England and Scotland has resulted in a motor fishing boat of 80 tons displacement, 75 feet long, 22 feet wide, and fitted with a gasoline engine of 24 horsepower running at 300 revolutions per minute. The engine, which is used only when winds are adverse, or lacking, can give the craft a speed of five miles per hour. It does not interfere with either the storage of fish or the manipulation of sails, and replaces in its weight merely the extent that the ballast previously carried. The idea is to allow individual crews to get their catch to market as soon as do the present fleet of "drifters," who employ a steam craft to collect fish from each member of the fleet in turn. The entire catch is then hurried to port, while the fishermen remain on the ground and continue their work. If the pioneer boat fulfills its anticipated destiny a number of similar craft are expected to be built.

Opium Fiends in French Navy.

The French naval authorities are disquieted by the ravages of opium smoking among officers on duty at the seaports of Brest, Cherbourg, Lorient, Rochefort and Toulon. Many smoke from 20 to 25 pipes a day and evidently perform their duties in a perpetual drowse, acting by a sort of automatism and scarcely conscious. At Toulon especially the vice is making alarming ravages. Young officers are hardly seen at theaters or in society, but as soon as they can get off their uniforms they hasten to the dirty Chinese dens, where, stretched on coarse matting, they steep their brains in opium.

Improving on Tenyson.

"Bills to the right of us, bills to the left of us, bills that are ruinous!" papa droned thundered. "Frightful the charge they made! Senseless the price you paid!" Then on the table he checked for six hundred.—Lowell (Mass.) Citizen.

Noncommittal.

"Mamma, did you ever flirt when you were a girl?"

"Yes, my dear, I did once."

"And were you punished for it?"

"It led to my marriage with your papa."—Le Rire.

IMBECILE IMMIGRANTS.

The Law Excludes Idiots. But the Feeble-Minded and Imbeciles Are Let In.

Imbecile immigrants were discussed at the recent New York conference on immigration by Robert F. Washburn, commissioner of immigration, says American Medicine. He deplored the fact that, while the law excluded idiots, it did not mention the imbeciles or the feeble-minded, who were equally unfit for citizenship. There is no dividing line between these classes, so that borderland cases are admitted through political influence whereas they might be considered "to be idiots. It seems that such technical distinctions really defeat the purpose of the law. The word idiot has a general as well as a technical meaning, and includes the imbeciles, and even the feeble-minded. The law evidently uses it in this broad sense, for it is absurd to think its framers would have thought that imbeciles and the feeble-minded were proper kinds of immigrants. It was designed to exclude persons who would become public burdens, but it is well to inquire whether it is not now time to extend its application and to exclude those who are so feeble-minded that they cannot be trusted with the franchise even if they are apparently able to make a living with a pick and shovel. These almost brainless animals are pouring into the country at a tremendous rate, and will propagate their type, which is a healthy normal one, even if lacking in intelligence. It is beginning to be known that education will not make these men more intelligent and that we are filling the country with unassailable men who can never become good citizens or ancestors of such. Democracy requires brains. Wherever there is a lack of intelligence there do we find political corruption in every form and a perversion of the democratic form of government. Hordes of Russians can be drilled as soldiers to fight those who are struggling for freedom, and could be used to destroy our freedom. We seem to be laying up trouble for posterity."

IN BEAUTIFUL BERMUDA.

A Holiday World with Its Wealth of Fragrant Easter Lilies.

As we wander through the streets of the white city, houses and walls, and even the square cisterns on the hillside, all of dazzling white, we ask ourselves if it can really be of the earth earthy, but pennants and flags of many colors, flying in all directions from the office, speak to us the language of terrestrials from every quarter of the globe, for Bermuda is the English halfway house of the high seas, and here nations meet, greet and part, writes Ellen Wood Coombs, in Four-Track News.

A holiday world it seems, with a wealth and fragrance of flowers to complete the gala effect. Fields of Easter lilies and their satin helmets in the sunshine, and century-plants, towering 20 feet above, throw out brilliant candelabra of blossoms in striking contrast. Waxen scrolls of callar peep through lattice and gateway, and the night-blooming cereus, falling in masses over the white walls, flings to the darkness of its own little world the heavy perfume of its flowers.

GUARDED BY CANNON.

Home of a Millionaire That Is Armed Like an Ancient Fortress.

In an old country like our own, with its ancient traditions of respect for law and order, firearms are seldom resorted to as a protection against law-breakers.

In the United States, however, things are widely different. Revolvers, rifles and even cannon are called into service as a protector against thieves and rioters, and, when necessary, the weapons are used with far less provocation than would be the case here.

An instance in point is the home of a certain millionaire, which is guarded like a fortress, with a perfect arsenal of weapons, including cannon and howitzers, which can be fired by electric wires from the house.

In addition, the grounds surrounding the mansion are fitted with thousands of electric light bulbs, so as to be instantly illuminated in case of attack.

Some of the large factories, too, are furnished with Maxim guns for use against turbulent strikers.

Andes Wilds Explored.

Unbeaten tracks through the lands of the Indians have been trod by Baron Erlend Nordenskjöld, who traveled for 18 months in the Andes, along the various tributaries of the Amazon in practically unknown districts. He visited in all three tribes, the Yamacas, the Guarayos and the Atsapanacas, who, until a couple of years ago, lived like people of the stone age. The last two still retain their customs in large measure. No white man had ever before visited the Atsapanacas. The explorers marched through the territory of a fourth tribe and were constantly watched by the people, who would have no dealings with the strangers.

The Quiches and Aymaras living around Lake Titicaca at an altitude of 12,000 feet and in the fells of the Andes, offer an interesting study for the ethnologist, since they have retained many customs unaltered or but slightly modified since the days of the ancient Incas.

AN ELIOT MIX-UP.

Snow Shoveled On Street Railway Tracks

BY IRATE TOWNSPEOPLE HOLDS UP THE CARS

The P. D. and Y. electric railway lost two trips over the Eliot and Dover branch on Wednesday, the result of the action of some of the people of Eliot, who shoveled snow onto the tracks. This naturally blocked the cars.

When the snow plow went over the line of the electric railway on Tuesday, as a matter of course, it piled the snow on each side of the tracks. This was being removed as rapidly as possible and taken away on flat cars.

The work did not progress fast enough to suit the people of Eliot, however, and they cleared the carriageway by throwing the snow onto the tracks.

This action made it necessary for the road officials to send out shovellers to clear the line and these shovellers were busy most of the day.

Supt. Meloon, accompanied by Sheriff Athorne, went to Eliot and conferred with the selectmen of the town.

CRAFFORT CLUB

Held Well Attended Musicales in Association Hall Yesterday

There was

Boston Tavern.

Home to Theatres and in the
Heart of the Business
District.
Ordway Pl. & 347 Washington St.



STRICTLY FIREPROOF.
European Plan.
PRIVATE DINING ROOMS
THEATRE AND DINNER PARTIES
A SPECIALTY.

PLEASING EVENT

Parish Reception Held Last Evening

IN THE CHAPEL OF THE NORTH CHURCH

It Was The Third And Last Of A Well
Attended Series

MANY PRESENT TO ENJOY SOCIAL PLEAS-
URES OF THE EVENING

The concluding parish reception of the season of the North Congregational Church took place in the chapel on Middle street on Wednesday evening and was largely attended as usual.

The directress of the committee was Mrs. John G. Parsons, and her assistants, Mrs. Lance, Mrs. Borthwick, Mrs. Hartford, Misses Carrie and Elizabeth Hayes, worked indefatigably for this final gathering, which in every detail was a notable event.

The Glee and Mandolin Club of the High school played finely during the evening.

Rev. and Mrs. Thayer received the felicitations of the parishioners, and there were sociabilities of a most generous nature to cause "the hours to pass on wings of light."

Japanese lanterns were used for decorations, while potted azaleas and palms had equally free distribution. Miss Mabel Manson was in charge.

Two tables were devoted to cocoa and coffee, and these were presided over equally by Mrs. Robert Boyd, Mrs. Frank C. Butler, Mrs. Joseph Badger and Miss Susan Mathes.

The first table had for a centre an elegant Battenberg piece resting on yellow, and bouquets of jonquils, and illuminated by branching candelabra while the other had a bouquet of American Beauty roses and lighted by silver candle sticks. Cake was served at each.

This was the third parish reception under to auspices of the church and all have been largely attended.

RED MEN WILL VISIT DOVER

Members of Massasot Tribe of Red Men of this city will be guests on Tuesday evening, April 17, of Wonalancet Tribe of Dover. The team of Winnepukitt Tribe of Lynn, Mass., will work the chief's degree.

OBSEQUIES

The funeral of Miss James C.

THE BEST PRESCRIPTION FOR
Biliousness, Liver Com-
plaint, Indigestion, Con-
stipation, Sick Headache,
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laria, Heartburn, Flatu-
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Open a Box for the Children

Leave it where they can reach
it. Watch them gain in weight.
Watch their cheeks grow ruddy
with health and life.

Uneda Biscuit

are the only Soda Crackers—
the most nutritious food made
from wheat, therefore the most
wholesome food for children.

5¢ In a dust tight,
moisture proof package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

CHANCES ARE GOOD

Dartmouth Track Team Will Make
Harvard Go Along

The first Harvard-Dartmouth dual track athletic meet will be held in Cambridge in May, but after that will be a home and home affair. It is understood that no long-term contract will be signed, but that the teams will likely meet for several years to come. The chances of Dartmouth against Harvard are good. The Hanoverians have some excellent men on their team.

Among the runners is George Swasey, who has been credited with 10 seconds for the 100-yard run on many occasions, and who has also scored 9 4-5 seconds on other occasions. He is absolutely sure of 10 seconds when fit. Last Spring in a track meet at Hanover he ran 100 yards in time returned by two watches out of three as 9 3-5 seconds, and the third 9 7-10 seconds. The last-named timer had an English watch.

Swasey also is the holder of the college records in the 220-yard run and the quarter, both being in fast time. Swasey came to Dartmouth from a school in Concord. At school he displayed considerable ability but he was let to run himself to death. He competed in everything and the result was that when he came to college he was in bad condition. Now, except for a knee sprained in the football season, he is all right. If that knee does not go back on him he is expected to do some wonderful running in the Spring.

Captain Hazen, who is a pole vaulter, is another good athlete. He has a mark of 11 feet 6 inches in the vault, and except for Gring he has all the Harvard men beaten. He is likely to do better the coming Spring and he will bear watching if he does.

Among the distance men is George Shipley, who won the half-mile run for the national junior championship at St. Louis in 1904. Shipley represented the Central Y. M. C. A. of Chicago in that race. He and H. D. Thrall, the former captain of the Dartmouth team, are two fine middle-distance runners. Thrall is thought at Dartmouth to be pretty near the equal of Parsons, the Yale half-miler, although that is saying a great deal for him. He is a big fellow.

Dartmouth suffers considerable handicap through a long winter. The athletic field is on a clay foundation, and as a result when the thaws begin the water backs up, and it takes a long time to get the field fit for running. The training season is very short.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

Report Of Doings Among P. H. S.
Boys And Girls

The net result of the recent debate between the Portsmouth and Lowell clubs gives \$41 to the local treasury. A splendid showing for a notably fine discussion.

On Friday evening the Junior class gives an assembly in Assembly Hall from 7.30 to 11 o'clock, the music for which will be furnished by Mr. Doe. The chaperones for the party are to be Principal Knapp and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs and Misses Manson and Magraw.

The next meeting of the Debating Club will be held on Friday evening, March 30, in one of the rooms at the school building. The election of officers will then take place.

The Glee and Mandolin Club has changed the date of its concert from Thursday evening, April 5, to Tuesday evening, April 17. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the Baseball Club.

Brown was held at two o'clock this (Thursday) afternoon from the chapel of the North Church on Middle street, Rev. Lucius H. Thayer officiating. The body was placed in the receiving tomb of Undertaker H. W. Nickerson.

PORT OF PORTSMOUTH

Arrivals At and Departures From Our
Harbor March 21

Arrived

Tug Concord, Hewitt, Philadelphia, towing barge Sagua, with 3600 tons of coal.

Tug Lehigh, McGoldrick, Perth Amboy, towing barges Bath and Bravo, with 2300 tons of hard coal.

Cleared

U. S. tug Sioux, Olsen, Rockland via Boston.

Schooner F. and E. Givan (British), St. John, N. B.

Schooner Jennie French Potter, Newport News.

Schooner Lucia Porter, New York.

Schooner Thomas B. Garland, New York.

Schooner George F. Keene, Boston.

Schooner Albert Pharo, New Rochelle (and returned).

Tug Boxer, towing barge Silver Brook, Portland.

Tug Catawissa, towing barges Corbin, Philadelphia, and Beechwood, Newburyport, at latter port will pick up barges Tulpehocken and Thomaston, for Philadelphia.

Tug Portsmouth, towing three barges for Orland, Me., to load brick for Boston.

Wind west to southwest, fresh.

Notes

The west bound sailing vessels which left this port this morning undoubtedly had a buffet of it around Cape Ann in the fresh southwest breeze of this afternoon, but up to dark none had returned.

The schooner Lady Antrim, lost at Marblehead Neck with all hands, was a frequent visitor to this port, as were the Winnie Lawry, Rosa Mueller, Marion Draper, A. P. Emerson, and many other victims of the "line gale."

Schooner J. Frank Seavey of Dover, Kelly, New York for Stonington, Me., harbored at Provincetown during the gale.

Schooner John J. Hanson of Dover, Wood, has arrived at Norfolk from New York.

Schooner John Bracewell of Dover, Benson, from New York for an eastern port, rode out the gale at Hyannis.

Schooner Lizzie J. Call of Exeter, Garland, and Jonathan Sawyer of Dover, Reynolds, both of which were at sea when the gale struck, are as yet unreported, although no anxiety is felt for them, both being staunch and able vessels.

Tug M. Mitchell Davis docked barge Maple Hill and towed schooner Jennie F. Potter to sea today.

Telegraphic Shipping Notes

Boston, March 20.—Arrived, tug Nottingham, towing barges C. R. R. of N. J. No. 1 and C. R. R. of N. J. No. 7, Portsmouth for Port Johnson.

Cape Henry, March 20.—Passed, schooners Lucinda Sutton, O'Brien, Newport News for Portsmouth; Frontenac, Coombs, Portsmouth for Baltimore.

New London, March 20.—Sailed, tug Cumberland, from Baltimore, towing barges No. 8 for Boston and No. 16 for Portsmouth.

The night lunch carts were snow-bound in their respective stands on Tuesday.

WILL NOT HOLD

The Individual Indict- ments Are Invalid

THOSE AGAINST PACKING COMPANIES STAND

Opinion Handed Down By Judge
Humphrey at Chicago

LAW OF THE LAND GIVES IMMUNITY FOR
THE PRESENT

Chicago, March 22.—All the meat packers who were indicted by a federal grand jury last Summer on charges of conspiracy in restraint of interstate trade and commerce on Wednesday were granted immunity from criminal prosecution under the indictment. While the individuals are to go free, the indictments found against the corporations, of which some of the indicted packers are members and others employees, are to stand.

A decision to this effect was handed down on Wednesday by Judge Otis J. Humphrey in the United States district court. Judge Humphrey reviewed the case at length and concluded as follows:

"Under the law in this case the immunity pleas filed by the defendants will be sustained as to the individuals and denied to the corporations, and the jury will find in favor of the government as far as the corporations are concerned and against the government as far as the individuals are concerned."

During the rendition of the decision the court was crowded by defendants and numerous spectators. When the judge announced that the verdicts would not lie against them the defendants crowded together and began to shake hands.

The jurors, who had been excluded from the court room during the arguments made in the case, returned a verdict in accordance with the directions of the court.

Part of Judge Humphrey's decision follows:

"The defendants are indicted under the Sherman act, charged with a conspiracy in restraint of trade. They have pleaded that as to them that act should be suspended because they were compelled to furnish evidence concerning the matter in the indictment, and under the law such furnishing of evidence gives them immunity. The law under consideration, for the construction of which the court is called upon to decide, is the commerce and labor act.

"The act is a substitute for one of the most cherished rights of the American citizen, which is the right to remain silent when questioned about any subject the answer to which might incriminate him.

"It is contended that the defendants in this case were volunteers because they bargled with Garfield at times, debated, resisted, gave less than he asked and withheld some things. The record does show that, but the act remains that every approach was made by the government.

"Now, since the defendants volunteered nothing but gave only what was demanded by an officer who had the right to make the demand, and gave in good faith under a sense of legal compulsion, I am of the opinion that they were entitled to immunity."

The individuals who go free under the decision are: J. Ogden Armour, Edward Morris, Charles W. Armour, Ira M. Morris, Louis F. Swift, Edward F. Swift, Charles N. Salt, Edward Cudahy, Arthur Meeker, T. J. Connors, P. A. Valentine, A. H. Veeder, Arthur F. Evans, I. A. Carton, Robert C. McManus and D. E. Hartwell.

The corporations which must stand trial are the Armour Packing Company, Armour and Company, Cudahy Packing Company, Fairbanks Canning Company and Swift and Company.

DEATH OF ALICE M. SCOTT

The sad news of the death of Miss Alice A. Scott of Lawrence reached here on Wednesday. She was well known here and for several years held a position with the former Portsmouth Shoe Company where she was well liked by the management and a large circle of friends.

At the funeral service in her native city on Tuesday the church was crowded with friends and relatives, who gathered to pay the last tribute to the dead woman.

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Sacrifice Sale

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Musical and Art Goods

NOW ON AT

Canney's, 67 Congress St.

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An Ale which no competitor has yet been able to
Imitate or Equal--It has succeeded because it is
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THE ALE THAT IS RIGHT

Made From the Perfection of

HOPS AND BARLEY

Barley that is Refined and Prepared

In the Monster Malt Houses at

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IT COSTS MORE TO BREW THE

FRANK JONES PORTSMOUTH, N. H. ALE

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WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST

Our Line For Spring

Includes A Fine Assortment Of

Foreign and Domestic Suits in Plain and Fancy in all the Leading Shades	Clays and Domestic Serges, Unfinished Worsted, Cheviots, Vestings in Wool and Silk Cotton and Linen Duck.
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come and see us. We charge nothing
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If you want your carriages or carts
repaired, or new ones made, we will
give you the benefit of our 45 years
experience in this business without
expense.

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242 Linden St.

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Delay Has Been Dangerous in Ports-mouth

Do the right thing at the right time.

Act quickly in times of danger. Backache is kidney danger. Doan's Kidney Pills act quickly. Cure all distressing, dangerous kidney ills.

Plenty of evidence to prove this. George W. Griffith, 4 State St. Portsmouth, N. H., says: "I value Doan's Kidney Pills very highly for they cured me of a severe attack of kidney trouble. This was first noticeable last fall after I recovered from a severe cold. My back was lame clear to my shoulders across my loins and around the kidneys there was a continual pain. I was in a bad condition when I went to Philbrick's Pharmacy for Doan's Kidney Pills. A few doses of them helped and a continuation of them use soon cured me. I have told many people what this medicine did for me."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McBarn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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\$250,000 has just been spent

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HOTEL EMPIRE

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The Automaton.

By HAROLD AVERY.

"Would you like to have a look at him? Very well, so you shall." The speaker rose from his chair, took the lamp, and, followed by his friend, passed out of the room into an adjoining one, where he paused a couple of paces inside the door.

"Allow me to introduce you," he said, with an air of mock ceremony. "My friend Mr. Turnhill, electrical engineer—Orlando, Orlando, the celebrated whist player—Mr. Turnhill."

At an ordinary, green-topped card table, not far from the window, sat a man in evening dress; his left arm was bent, the hand raised about the level with the center of the chest; his head was inclined slightly forward, as though he were for the moment lost in thought—a suggestion emphasized by the fact that he took no notice of the introduction. Any one who had not already known what to expect would, after the lapse of a few seconds, have perceived with a slight shock of surprise, that the face, with its knit brows and look of concentrated attention, was not flesh and blood, but wax.

"So this is your masterpiece, is it, Lufton?" remarked Turnhill with a smile. "It's wonderfully lifelike; as far as outward appearance goes, I don't think I ever saw anything so good."

Lufton, better known to the public as Professor Lufton, the celebrated conjuror, gave a satisfied chuckle.

"I can't claim the credit for that part of the work," he said. "But it is good, isn't it? Especially in an artificial light; he's so lifelike that I find myself speaking to him, and almost expecting a reply."

Lufton walked forward, and set the lamp down on the card table. In the half shadow made by the silk-fringed shade the face seemed more lifelike than ever. It was impossible to gaze for long without fancying that it must, or did actually, move. It was indeed a triumph of the wax-modeler's art.

"If it were any one else but you, Lufton," said the engineer, with a thoughtful smile, "I should have said, it was impossible. Come," he added, seeing a pack of cards lying on a chair, "let's have a game; you and Orlando as partners, and I'll play with dummy."

"No, no," answered the other, with a laugh and shake of his head. "I'll send you tickets, if you like, for Monday, and you shall see his first appearance in public; but I've made up my mind not to exhibit him in private."

Turnhill glanced around the room; beyond the circle of light cast by the lamp it was in shadow, but he could make out that it was fitted up as a workshop, with a small lathe, a mechanic's bench, and other accessories.

"How long have you been working at this thing?" he asked suddenly.

"Two years all but a month; that is, what you might call actual work, though the plan was maturing in my head some time before."

"Two years!"

"My dear fellow, Vaucanson spent over four making his flute player. Perhaps you remember the old story, how at the first note which the figure produced the valet, who shared the secret, was so overcome that he fell at his master's feet."

"I don't wonder," said Turnhill, musingly, with his eyes fixed on the rigid form in evening dress sitting half in shadow and half in the glare of the lamp. "If I made that thing I believe when I saw it for the first time I should almost feel afraid. You know the yarn about Frankenstein and the monster that he made? Well, hang it all, I should be inclined to fear that the thing would begin to move on its own account—come stealthily up behind me some time in the dark and do me a mischief."

Lufton laughed and picked up the lamp preparatory to leading the way into the next room. "Don't know," he said, speaking over his shoulder. "I have felt something like that lately. There have been times when I've sat alone with it in the dark of night and watched it work, when it's seemed so disabused that I've felt inclined to rush out of the room. It comes across one all in a moment like a sudden panic. I suppose I'm overstrain; I'm nearly worn out brain and body, with the work of perfecting the mechanism."

"You look as if you'd been doing too much," said Turnhill, glancing across at his friend's face, as they resumed their seats on either side of the bench.

"Yes, I know I have; but the excitement keeps one up, and the longing to get the thing finished after so many months of work. It's funny, you should have spoken as you did about the heavy moving of its own accord. I'd been nearly forty days out of bed when I turned in this morning; at first I couldn't sleep, and when I did drop off I had a fearful sort of nightmare. I thought Orlando was moving about down below; then that he was coming up the stairs, and then into my room. I tried to move and to shout, but I couldn't. He came slowly across the room, with a queer mechanical jerk in his gait. He stood over me, his hand came out fumbling over the quilt in a blind sort of way to take me by the throat, and then I woke up shouting."

"You've been overdoing it, that's certain," answered the other. "Sticking at it too closely, till it's got on your nerves. You want a change."

"Yes, I think I do. Well, I'm going to run down to my brother John's place to-night, after the performance, so as to have a day in the country. I've told Mrs. Walsh, my housekeeper, she can shut up the place and go to her sister's till Monday morning. After the Christmas holidays season's over I shall go away for a longer rest, for I must own I feel I need one."

There was a pause, while Turnhill accepted the offer of a cigarette.

"So you think that nobody will fathom your secret?" he said at length.

"I do," answered the conjuror. "I'm so well satisfied with Orlando that I'm offering a prize to any one who will come forward with a correct explanation as to how the feat is accomplished. No," he added, in answer to a question, "I don't propose to show the works. I know Kempelen did, or rather made a pretense of doing so with his chess player; but my challenge to any individual member of the public would be: 'Come and see the figure work, and explain how it's done. If you succeed, you win \$2,500.'"

"My word! here's a chance for me to make a bit," said Turnhill, laughing.

"You won't," answered the other. "I've let you into some of my secrets, but in this case the design has been conceived and executed altogether on a new principle."

For half an hour Lufton talked about automata in general, referring chiefly to the famous examples of the past. Vaucanson's duck, the lady in the carriage, made by Camus for Louis XIV., and the mechanical pianist of Malleret, which played eighteen tunes, with heaving breast and eyes which followed the movement of the hands, the performed turning to salute the audience at the commencement and end of each air. Turnhill did not seem particularly interested, though he kept up a nodding accompaniment to the conversation, with an occasional "Yes, I see." At length, glancing at the clock on the mantelpiece, he rose from his chair.

"It's nearly time for you to be starting for your performance, isn't it?" he inquired. "By the way, you say you won't be back till Monday, and you wanted me to get that little electric reading lamp of yours put right. You'd better let me have it now, as I shall be calling in at Brodley's on my way home."

"I'll fetch it," was the answer. "It's up stairs."

Lufton went to his bedroom, got the lamp and wrapped it up in paper. Returning to the dining room, he found his friend examining a small bottle of white capsules which he had picked up off the mantelpiece.

"Hullo," said Turnhill. "I didn't know you went in for this sort of thing."

"I can get no sleep without them."

The engineer shook his head. "If you'd take my advice," he said, "you'd go away for a week instead of a single day. Take care, my boy, or you may find that you're a worse monster of your own making to deal with than had Frankenstein."

"There's no train now, sir, to Roxbridge, not before 8.45 to-morrow morning."

Lufton stood for a moment staring at the porter, holding his kit bag in one hand, while he rubbed a bruised shoulder with the other. Some unexpected business at the end of his performance, followed by a cab accident in the Strand, had caused the delay which landed him at the railway terminus ten minutes late.

"Confound it!" he muttered; then, realizing that nothing was to be gained by lingering any longer on the draughty platform, he turned on his heel and walked away. In the large booking hall he paused for a moment to consider how he should act. It was too late to telegraph, but he would go down to Roxbridge by the first train in the morning, and could stay the night at a hotel. But wait; he had his latchkey in his pocket, and, though Mrs. Walsh had gone to her friends, he could let himself into the house, sleep in his own bed, and get himself something in the shape of a breakfast in the morning. Yes, that was the simplest plan.

Tired out and feeling now even more than before the effect of his slight accident, Lufton dropped his bag down in the hall as he closed his front door behind him; then, without troubling to light the gas jet, he turned into the dining room and found his lamp and matches. The fire was out, but the room still felt warm, and, seated in his overcoat, he could enjoy a smoke before he retired to bed. A water jug and glass stood on the sideboard, beside the fantail which contained the whisky. He had all he wanted, and, yes, there was just enough oil in the lamp to last while he sat and glanced over the evening paper.

He mixed his toddy, opened his tobacco jar, and then remembered that he had left his pipe on the bench in what he called his "workshop," which was separated from the dining room by folding doors, though these had been closed in a permanent manner to exclude draughts. Lufton took up the lamp and strolled off into the adjoining chamber, as he crossed the floor he started, and stopped with an ejaculation of surprise. His eyes had fallen on the automaton, and he realized that it was no longer in exactly its former position. The figure had moved.

Yes, the figure had certainly moved; though how, or when, he could not imagine. He stood for a

moment wondering if the point of view from which he now regarded it accounted for the change; then he walked over to examine it more closely. The alteration was very slight, but it was unmistakable. When he had left the room with Turnhill the figure had been sitting exactly square to the table; no one had entered the place since; the housekeeper had left; to go to her friends before the engineer arrived; yet now the automaton, and the chair on which it sat, were turned slightly sideways. It was, for all the world, a movement similar to what any living card player might have made as he turned to address some casual remark to a bystander.

Lufton moved the figure back into its original position; it was heavy, but the chair was on castors, which ran easily on the sheet of plate glass. For some moments its maker stood regarding it, trying in vain to account for the odd occurrence. Its resemblance to a living being seemed more weird and striking than ever; the flame of the distant lamp gave a jump, and some trick of moving shadow produced an effect as of the quick raising and lowering of the dark eyebrows.

"Devil!" whispered Lufton; then he laughed an easy laugh. "My nerves are getting jumpy," he muttered. "And that drunken cabby hasn't improved them. I'll have a smoke and then get to bed."

He returned to the dining room, carrying the lamp with him; mixed his whisky and water, and settled down in his armchair. At the end of ten minutes he laid down the newspaper, with no notion of what he had been attempting to read.

Orlando had moved and it was no use trying to think that he hadn't—but how? There was nothing about the internal mechanism of the figure to explain the mystery. When Turnhill and he had returned to the dining room to continue their conversation the figure had been in its usual position, square to the table, and no one had been near it since. The conjuror sat thinking. His mind had wandered off to that appalling dream, and to his friend's words: "I should be inclined to fear that the thing would begin to move on its own account."

"Tush!" exclaimed Lufton, snatching up the paper. "I could never have believed how ragged a man's nerves can become. It's a good thing the work's finished, or I might end up, as Turnhill says, by raising a worse monster than old Frankenstein."

He settled himself down to read and was surprised to find, before his first pipe was smoked out, that he was feeling drowsy. He closed his eyes for a moment as though to discover if he really might once more expect the blessing of natural sleep, and then—

"Hullo, what's this?"

With a growing consciousness of cold and discomfort came the discovery that he was not in bed, but still sitting in his chair. The room was dark, and there was a heavy smell in the air showing that the lamp had burned itself out. Lufton stretched his stiffened limbs, and sat up straight to collect his thoughts. Of course, he remembered it all now, he had come home after missing the train, the fire had—

His half raised arms dropped to his side, and he sat motionless. What was that sound in the next room? There had been a sound—as though some one, in the darkness, had stumbled up against a chair or table.

Listen! The man's pulse was throbbing now as if he had been in raging fever. Footsteps, cautious but unsteady, as though made by some adult person learning to walk. The beads of perspiration broke out on Lufton's brow. "It can't be," he gasped. "It's—it's nothing but a mechanical toy. I made it myself."

Another moment, and the hair seemed to bristle on his head, as there came the faint tapping and scrape of groping finger tips on the further side of the folding door. Thank heaven, they were fastened with screws as well as lock and bolts!

With incredible speed a train of thought rushed through the listener's brain. It had come at last; the result of weeks and months of overstrain. He knew very well what Turnhill had meant by the monster worse than Frankenstein's—madness! Yet if he were mad would he be conscious of the fact?

Hash—hark! The same slow, uncertain footsteps. It, it, had emerged from the workroom into the passage. It was drawing nearer. By some devilish instinct it had divined where he was, and was coming to take him by the throat.

Lufton clutched the arms of his chair, his wrists shuddering as though he held the handles of some strong galvanic battery. He strove to rise, to seize some weapon with which he might batter his horrible creation into some shapeless mass of rags and twisted metal work, but the grip of nightmare held him motionless, staring with starting eyeballs in the direction of the door.

It opened slowly with a faint squeak of an unrolled hinge; the footsteps were in the room. There must have been some faint gleam of light, probably from the gas-lamp in the street penetrating through the crack of a badly fitting shutter, for Lufton could make out a patch of grayness in the gloom, and recognized it as the front of a dress shirt. It was close upon him now, the finger tips of the groping hand touched his face.

The impact seemed to break the spell which bound him. With a wild yell Lufton sprang to his feet, and fell upon the form before him. He

was mad now, and with all the maniac's strength he clutched, tore and struck blow after blow with his clenched right hand. There was a crash of overturning furniture, a fall and they were on the ground, the conjuror uppermost, still pounding the face and figure beneath him with the ungovernable savagery of a wild beast.

"Mercy!—for God's sake—I surrender!" gasped a voice. "Mercy, Lufton. I'm Turnhill—don't murder me!"

The cry had to be repeated more than once before the striker grasped at its meaning, and stayed his hand. "Turnhill!" he panted. "Turnhill!"

The two men staggered to their feet, and stood facing each other in the darkness with heaving chests.

"Turnhill!" repeated Lufton. "What brings you here? Confess!"

"I will," returned the other, half raising his arm as though to ward off a fresh attack. "I'm in a hole; I want money; I thought you'd gone away for the night, and I came to steal the secret of the automaton. I meant to examine the figure, and if I found out how it worked get some one as a stalking horse to claim the money. I slipped into the next room and shot back the window catch, so that I could get in without forcing anything and leaving marks which might arouse your suspicions."

"And in doing so you moved the figure?"

"I believe I did bump up against it, Lufton. I can't ask you to forgive me, but, for my wife's sake, don't make this public. I know nothing. I had no matches, and to find a box was what brought me in here."

There was a pause.

"You, Turnhill, the man I have regarded as a friend," began Lufton. "You tried to rob me of—," he ceased speaking tottered, and put his hand over his eyes. "Wait," he murmured. "Brandy—in the sideboard, there—this—too much of a shock."

Turnhill sprang forward and supported the swaying figure as Lufton sank back fainting into a chair.

Opera Etiquette in England.

Certain capricious rules of etiquette are in force at the opera, and are carefully observed by women in the best society, says M. A. P. One of these ordains that a lady must not leave her place, but remain quietly in her box throughout the performance, or until she elects to leave the theater. There must be no passing from box to box, and never a cooling stroll in the corridor, even if the thermometer climbs into the nineties. And except on Wagner nights, a smart woman may never eat at the opera. Coffee and ices may refresh her humbler sister, but the fair patrician or portly plutocrat must practice for the moment a self-denying ordinance. A Wagner night at Covent Garden often means a lark in the matter of dinners and suppers. Some people make a light meal in their own boxes; while the more enterprising fare forth and get a good honest dinner. The Duke of Bedford's box has a sitting room attached, so he and the Duchess can eat their dinner as easily as in their own house. This box has also a private entrance in a side street, so in case of fire the dual owners have only to descend their own staircase.

And our typical smart woman takes care to dress herself for the occasion. Certain nights are called "diara nights," when a brilliant costume is topped by a diamond crown. Mondays and Thursdays are noted evenings at Covent Garden, and since King Edward has waged war on week-ends, Saturdays show a sign of returning to their old-time importance. Many smart women seem to prefer white and black gowns at the opera, and a few artistic souls eschew tiaras, and adorn their heads with wreaths of flowers.

Food in Consumption.

Nitrogen starvation in the tuberculous is naturally suggested by the fact that such great improvement results from forced feeding with nitrogen. It is known that tuberculosis is specially prevalent among the underfed of the slums, and that it is quick and fatal among the lower races which are mostly rice-fed and starved for nitrogen. It is not a disease of the well-fed, and though alcohol is regarded as the chief cause of the susceptibility to the infection, it must be remembered that heavy drinkers are very likely to neglect their nitrogen nutrition. They may even be fat, yet in a condition of serious malnutrition, like our fat sugar-fed babies raised on condensed milk or the dreadful baby foods so highly charged with sugar. Still, recognizes a condition of congenital atonia as the basis for the habitus phthisicus—an asthenia due to faulty material of the tissue-cells—but it is safe to look for the ultimate cause in early malnutrition, perhaps prenatal. To be sure, there is a slight reaction against too great a forcing of nitrogen foods in incipient tuberculosis, but it is yet true that quite large amounts are still considered necessary in this stage.

In Australian Parliament.

It is the rule in the Australian parliament that the speeches of every member must be reported verbatim. As a result of this perpetual not-taking, the printed record for the session recently ended ran to twenty-six volumes of 7,052 pages, or about 6,000,000 words. One of the leading Australian dailies describes them as dreary pages and ponderous tomes—"an unceasing stream of unnecessary repetition and wearisome speech; talkativeness is veritably the curse of the commonwealth parliament."

The Paymaster's Infatuation.

The road house kept by the Mexican named Binko, or at least called by that name by all white men who knew him, stood about midway between Fort Concho and Garland—say twenty miles from either. It was the only house of refreshment on the fifty miles of stage road, and such passengers as could stand the dirt, dogs and fleas, to say nothing of the abominable cookery, were furnished with what Binko called a dinner, and charged \$2 a head for it.

Binko was not only a crafty Mexican, but common report said that he was a horse thief and an outlaw as well. One had but to look into his face to know that he was bad all the way through. Now and then, when he had drunk too much of the fiery liquors dealt out at his own bar, he was wont to boast of the cattle and horses he had run off and the men who had fallen before his bullets, but as a rule he was sober and close-mouthed.

One day the commanders of the respective forts sat down together and summed up Binko and decided to take him in hand. For three months thereafter he was under surveillance and his actions crippled. Highway robbers, murderers, deserters, horse thieves and others were taken from his house and sent to punishment, but nothing could be fastened upon Binko himself.

"How can I be taken when I have done nothing?" he would query, in a protesting way, as he spread out his hands and looked from men to man. "My house is a stopping place for travelers. I work hard. I am an honest man."

After so many of his comrades and friends had been arrested and the details of soldiers were still investigating, the crafty Binko determined in his own mind that the climate of Arizona was not good for him. He would make a change, but in doing so he would also make a grand coup.

He told no living soul of his plans, but he laid them well. He kept up his protestation and lamentations, but at the same time he put a spy into Fort Concho, sent to Mexico for a girl about eighteen years old, whom he introduced as his sister, and word was passed along to such outlaws as were still in hiding among the hills to hold on and wait for a big event.

The girl from Mexico was a decoy. She was handsome enough to have turned the heads of fifty different cowboys, but she was not for them. Only one man in all Arizona could whisper words of flattery and love into her ears, and that was the paymaster who made his headquarters at Fort Concho.

Binko had him in mind, and none other when his message was sent across the Rio Grande. She was to be the main instrument in bringing about that coup of his.

It matters not how the paymaster first met her. But as the days went by, it was whispered in both garrisons that he had become infatuated with the lithe-limbed, dusky faced Carlotta. When a man has passed forty without taking a wife, you may look for infatuation instead of love. Had it been some ranchman's daughter there might have been jokes and laughter among his brother officers; but to become "stuck" on a Mexican girl, whose only recommendation was a pretty face and coquettish ways, and the sister of a villain at that, that was carrying things so far that Col. Saunders felt called upon to administer brotherly reprimand.

It may have benefited, or it may have provoked obstinacy. At any rate, Binko found nothing to discourage him or to change his plans.

Once every sixty days the paymaster departed under escort from Fort Concho to pay off the garrisons at Forts Garland, Sherman and Wallace. Sometimes he was prompt in setting out; sometimes he was five or six days behind hand. Binko's spy was stationed there, that he might pass along the exact day and hour.

By and by, when gossip was running with a long tongue, and the paymaster had become an object of ridicule to even the landresses of the barracks, Binko got the word and swiftly passed it on. Then the outlaws and renegades and deserters in hiding emerged under cover of darkness and made their way to the roadhouse. Earkness hid their arrival, and no man except Binko knew of their presence. He was ready for hours before the paymaster arrived. Little would he leave behind him in side or outside of the old adobe.

"To-night, Carlotta," he said to the girl at mid-afternoon, as he shaded his eyes and looked down the dusty trail.

"To-night," she replied, with a light laugh. "But you have promised to spare his life. It's a fool, but he is not bad-hearted. I would not have harm come to him."

"I do not want his life. The drugged wine will make him sleep like a weary bear, and we shall be far enough away before he opens his eyes. As for the others, the same wine. If they drink it, well and good; if they do not—well, a few more lives don't count. Kiss me, Carlotta, and remember what you are to do."

Half an hour before sunset the paymaster's escort rode up with a great jingle of spurs and sabers. The officer was seated in his ambulance, and even before he descended the iron safe had made sure that the trunk safe had not been left behind. He had figured out to a dollar, al-

most, the amount of new, crisp greenbacks that box should contain. His welcome was effusive, as became a host. The girl was coy and shy, as became a maid in love. Of the escort, the paymaster alone was to be a guest of the house. The others were to make camp outside.

"Men," said the grim Sergeant O'Grady, who was in command of the escort, "I have got just one word to say to yez. I can smell the devil around this old adobe to-night. Keep your eyes peeled for Mexican tricks, or, upon my word, I'll make yer smell him too."

"And wasn't the major made thrice welcome?" asked Private O'Toole, in reply. "And isn't that beautiful safe of his standing in security in his bedroom, bedad? Spakin' of tricks, but what tricks can come out of this?"

"Tricks by the biggest villain alive—tricks by the prettiest Mexican girl I ever clapped eyes on—tricks by the thieves and robbers who have come out of their holes to have a look at us. Let no man go looking after blackberries this night."

The major had company at supper, and Binko gave the couple a chance to bill and coo as they feasted and tarried. The meal lasted a full hour, and another half might have been added to that had not the paymaster begun to nod and drowse as he protested his love.

He grew maudlin and sleepy, and he slept; and as he slept the fair decoy's own hands removed his personal effects and laughed at his condition. Then stout arms bore him to his couch, and their owners whispered that he would not awaken for twenty-four hours to come.

"Arrange things as you wish outside and do not disturb me," the major had said to the sergeant, and the sterling old veteran had posted half his men as sentinels, and warned the other half to sleep lightly.

Now and then Binko passed out and in with obsequious demure and fawning words, and had said that all the men drink to his birthday. They would have been only too glad to had not Sergeant O'Grady said:

"If any one among yez drink anything but water to-night he'll hear from me every day of his life until his time expires."

Binko heard the words, but he only smiled at them. Half an hour later the girl, with pitcher and glass in hand, appeared before the sergeant and coquettishly challenged him to drink. For a moment he was undecided between an old trooper's natural thirst and a feeling of duty; but then he took the pitcher from her hands and poured its contents on the ground.

Next moment an outlaw, peering from a window, and realizing that the scheme to drug the men had failed, leveled his rifle and shot the sergeant dead. Thirty seconds later a melee was raging round the house—the soldiers cheering without, the outlaws shouting defiance within. The soldiers were outnumbered and without a leader, but they were fighters to the end.

At noon next day a report reached Fort Concho that sent twenty men galloping down the road. Half way to Binko's they found a Mexican girl wandering aimlessly about and muttering to herself, daft from a bullet that had raked her skull.

Five miles further on they came upon Private Meacham sitting on a stone and vainly trying to bind up a wounded arm.

SUN RISES 5:43 Moon RISES 04:40 A. M.
SUN SETS 7:52 Moon SETS 09:30 A. M.
LENGTH OF DAY, 12:15 FULL MOON 10:00 P. M.

New Moon, March 24th, 6h. 52m., evening, W.
First Quarter, April 1st, 11h. 2m., evening, W.
Full Moon, April 8th, 12h. 12m., morning, W.
Last Quarter, April 15th, 5h. 30m., evening, W.



THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1906.

THE TEMPERATURE

At two o'clock this afternoon the temperature at THE HERALD office was thirty-eight degrees above zero.

CITY BRIEFS.

A quiet week.
Hail, gentle Spring.
Still the sleigh bells jingle.
The rivermen are getting busy.
Professional basketball Saturday.
The bicycle is still in cold storage.
No more old fashioned Winter for us.
April will make its bow on a Sunday.
Winter's reign must be short, anyway.
This is not the only late Spring on record.
Have you eaten any of those new onions?
Elliot is proud of its good financial standing.
The snow will linger in the woods for weeks.
The grim reaper has been busy in Portsmouth of late.
The barometer has been running low for some time.
Probate court will be in session at Exeter next Tuesday.
The yeggmen have temporarily dropped out of sight.
Newington will have a female minstrel show next week.
Chuck Connors referees Saturday.
March has still time to reform and make a lamb-like exit.
The storms have made business good for the hackman.
Our port has been rather busier than usual this Winter.
The police have had very few quiet days or nights recently.
Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Souvenir post cards with private designs are the latest fad.
Nell Burgess is coming to Music Hall in "The County Fair."
The first week in April has a number of events on the calendar.
March is certainly living up to its reputation in the matter of weather.
The Governor and council will meet in Concord on Friday, April 6.
Easter week will, if present indications are to be relied upon, be decidedly busy.
Next week also bids fair to be a quiet one, so far as local events are concerned.
Spring may come with a rush when it finally puts Winter out of commission.
There will be a session of the United States circuit court in this city on May 1.
The equinoctial storm may be a fable, but it usually comes at about this time of year.
The next meetings of the board of instruction and the city government come on following nights.
Old inhabitants recall a severe snow storm on March 19, 1851, which tied up New England for three days.
An amateur ornithologist, writing to a contemporary, states that robins can neither walk nor run, but when on the ground simply hop. You can verify this, if you wish, the next time you see a robin.
Don't let the baby suffer from eczema, sores or any itching of the skin. Doan's Ointment gives instant relief, cures quickly. Perfectly safe for children. All druggists sell it.
Ex-Mayor John H. Nealley was in Portsmouth yesterday, where he was called to serve as juror on the grand jury of the United States district court.—Dover Democrat, Wednesday.

POSTPONEMENT

The ebony production to be given by the Merry Maids of Modern Minstrelsy on Thursday evening, March 22, at Newington Opera House, has been postponed until Wednesday evening, March 23, on account of the bad travelling. Remember the change of date; Wednesday evening, March 23, 1906.

TRIED TO END LIFE

Former Portsmouth Woman Took Poison

SUCIDAL ATTEMPT PROVED A FAILURE

A well known Portsmouth young woman came very near ending her life a few days ago in Lynn, Mass., where she now resides. The cause given for her act is despondency over the neglectful treatment received from her husband.
The young woman is only nineteen years of age and the unsuccessful attempt to end her earthly days was made by swallowing a considerable quantity of corrosive sublimate.
The only thing that prevented the deadly poison from accomplishing the object for which it was taken was the fact that it was swallowed on a full stomach, the woman having eaten heartily shortly before committing her rash act.
She was found in her room unconscious and in a decidedly precarious condition. The ambulance was at once summoned and the woman conveyed to the hospital, where the stomach pump was used to good advantage, soon bringing her out of the stupor in which she lay and placing her out of danger. At last reports the young woman was resting very comfortably and her condition was given out by the hospital attendants as being very favorable.
The young woman and her husband are well known here and both at one time were employed at the plant of the former Portsmouth Shoe Company. The wife, in speaking of her suicidal attempt, claims her husband does not provide for her, and says he never did any work and that her life with him has not been a pathway of roses.
The husband has his side of the story to tell and makes the statement that his wife became worried over his failure to get work and that she had no other reason to do as she did. He also says he was injured eight weeks ago in the factory of Brophy Brothers and on that account he was unable to perform any work. He says his wife is nervous and that there was no reason for her being alarmed, as he had always been able to secure the necessities of life.
The woman is now out of danger and has left the hospital.

LADIES' AID SOCIETY

Of The Methodist Church Holds Annual Meeting

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Church met in the vestry on Wednesday afternoon and evening, and elected the following officers:
President, Mrs. J. Howard Grover.
First Vice President, Mrs. Charles Winslow.
Second Vice President, Mrs. Charles R. Oxford.
Third Vice President, Mrs. Clarence Bodwell.
Secretary, Mrs. Charles E. Jenness.
Treasurer, Mrs. Alfred M. Lang.
Supper was served at six o'clock, and the waitresses were Mrs. Carroll Ferguson, Mrs. Frank Hodgdon and Mrs. William Bridg.
During the evening the Junior League rendered the following program:
Recitation, Beatrice Oulton.
Piano solo, Beatrice Betton.
Quartet, Junior League.
Recitation, Blanche Woods.
Piano solo, Mae Warren.
Recitation, Barbara Boynton.
Piano duet, Gertrude Meyer and Beatrice Betton.
Recitation, Philip Oulton.
Recitation, Gertrude Bridle.
Piano solo, Leon Robinson.
The following was the committee in charge of the meeting: Mrs. Nathaniel Peirce, Mrs. Clarence Parmenter, Mrs. M. Hutchinson.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Concerning John L. Sullivan Received by Sheriff Collis

Sheriff Collis has received additional information regarding John L. Sullivan, alias Thomas Foster, who was recently held in this city as a suspect.
Sullivan, as has before been stated, served a sentence in the state prison at Thomaston, Me., for breaking and entering at Kennebunk. He was sentenced in 1898 and was released in July, 1902. In May, 1903, he was

A NEW KODAK
The No. 3B Quick-Focus, a brand new Camera, with new features, size of picture 3 1/4 x 5 1/2. Rotary Shutter, Simplex Loading Device, Fine Lens, Leather covering and

AUTOMATIC FOCUS
This last feature is particularly attractive. Let us show you. Price \$12.00.

H. P. Montgomery,
6 Pleasant Street

returned to prison under the name of Thomas Kane for a break at Buxton, Me., and was released in October, 1904.

AT THE NAVY YARD

Janitor John Sullivan is confined to his home with a badly sprained ankle. During his absence, Patrick Shaughnessy is acting as janitor.

The cellar of the administration building, which has been the scene of repairs of nearly every kind for a year or more has been cleared up once more under the eye of Capt. Rees. The place presents a decided change in appearance and the workmen are doing an excellent job.

The locomotive type boilers taken from the Spanish trophy ship Isla de Cuba will not be used again in the service and will be ordered sold. The two steam generators are nineteen feet, six inches in diameter and have four furnaces.

The rock taken from Henderson's Point will hereafter be dumped back of the new quay wall for filling. The first load was discharged there today (Thursday), from the lighters at work at The Point.

Rumor has it that more privates will be added to the detachment of marines ordered from this yard to the Philippines next month. The detachment will be required to be at Washington before April 9, where a battalion of 475 men will be formed and proceed to San Francisco, sailing for Cavite on April 16. Fifty-three privates and one quartermaster-sergeant are booked to go from the Boston yard.

The largest detachment of prisoners ever sent to the prison ship at one time came here under guard today (Thursday). There were twenty-seven prisoners in all, who came from Pensacola, New York and Norfolk. The New York prisoners were in charge of Boatswain Montague of Merrimack fame, who is well known in this city.

WORK ON FORTIFICATIONS

Will Likely Be Resumed About the First of April

There is a prospect that work by the government on the fortifications at the entrance of Portsmouth Harbor will soon be resumed. It is said that a small force will begin work at Fort Foster on Gerrish Island about the first of April. If all goes well, a larger force may be given employment about a month later.

A new power house is to be erected at Fort Foster and work is to be done at Fort Stark and Fort Constitution.

A portion of the appropriation available for this work last year is still unexpended.

WENT TO DOVER

Wrecking Crew Had to Repair Damage in Freight Yard

The Boston and Maine wrecking train and crew were sent to Dover on Wednesday afternoon, where a switcher had pushed one loaded car off the irons in the Dover freight yard.

The wreckers had to put a new pair of trucks under the car and were about two hours doing the job.

AT PEOPLE'S CHURCH THIS EVENING

Services at the People's Church this evening will be conducted by Rev. Mr. Felt of the Methodist Church.

WILL BEGIN AT ONCE

Storer Post, Grand Army of the Republic, will begin at once on the repairs to its hall on Daniel street.

REPORTED SOLD

Rumor of Disposal Of Maplewood Farm

A report comes from Augusta, Me., that two young men of Fort Fairfield, the Hopkins Brothers, have purchased Maplewood Farm, near this city, the magnificent estate of the late Hon. Frank Jones.

This estate of 315 acres, with its splendid buildings, is one of the finest in New England. It is said that Thomas W. Lawson of Boston once offered Mr. Jones \$180,000 for it and that the offer was refused. The Maplewood farm conservatories and stables were during the lifetime of Mr. Jones famous throughout the United States.

Attempts to verify this report today (Thursday) resulted in failure, as Judge Calvin Page, the representative here of the Jones estate, is out of town. It may be said, however, that if Maplewood Farm has been sold, the deal has been consummated within half a day and by wire.

Numerous offers have been made the trustees for the farm, but up to twelve hours ago none had been accepted.

PERSONALS

Samuel Tobey of Cambridgeport, Mass., was a recent visitor in town. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stringer of North Berwick were guests here on Wednesday.

Mrs. Daniel McIntire and her son Clarence are visiting Martin McIntire of Boston.

William Linehan and Alfred M. Smith of Manchester were visitors in this city on Wednesday.

Mrs. J. A. Peterson of South street will be the hostess of the Odd Ladies' Circle on Friday.

J. Fred Harvey of Harvey and Wood, the well known hotel manager, passed Wednesday in this city.

Rev. J. L. Felt and Miss Laura Leavitt attended the Sunday school convention at Greenand on Wednesday.

General Joshua L. Chamberlain will deliver the oration at the unveiling of the Soldiers' Monument at York on Memorial Day.

Miss Katharine Sweetser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Sweetser, has taken the position of bookkeeper at the First National bank.

The Misses Minnie and Jessie Woods of Pleasant street, and Miss Beatrice Berry of Rye, leave tomorrow (Friday) for a week's trip to Washington.

Mrs. Everett M. Fisher and Miss Blanche Fisher left today (Thursday) for New York. They will also visit Mrs. Robert Peterson, formerly of this city, at Morris Plains, N. J.

Former Councilman Patrick J. Connors of Ward Three, who until recently held a position with the Metropolitan Insurance Company, is today (Thursday) moving his family and household goods to Charlestown, Mass. Mr. Connors now holds a good position with the John Hancock Insurance Company of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hogue formerly of this city left Newburyport on Tuesday on their return to Colorado Springs. They will spend the remainder of the week with relatives and friends in this vicinity and then depart for their western home, where Mr. Hogue will again locate in his business of teaching dancing, deportment and physical culture. While in this city Mr. and Mrs. Hogue have been the recipients of much social and sympathetic attention and a large circle of friends wish them well as they go back to the broad West.

SAMANTHA ALLEN

Made Her Third Appearance Of Last Evening

ENTERTAINING LARGE AUDIENCE IN FREEMAN'S HALL

The last, as it was the third, appearance of "Samantha at the Court of Fame" occurred on Wednesday evening at Freeman's Hall, and the veteran of romance as of real life received greetings from a large audience.

Josiah Allen's wife was as cute and amusing as on previous occasions, and her coterie of aspirants for honors were in emulation worthy of their respective causes.

Samantha is a character of characters, and she held a court in Portsmouth of which she may well be proud for the assumption of the character was superb as were all the others in the long cast.

The Golden Rule Circle may well feel proud of its success in catering to Portsmouth patrons for it is seldom that a single play in this city reaches a third presentation with any assurance of success as far as patronage goes.

SPECIAL EXAMINATION

For Position of Watchman at the Federal Building

In order to fill a vacancy in the grade of watchman-freeman in the federal building in this city a special non-educational examination for the position will be held on April 10, 1906.

The salary of the position is \$600 per annum.

Applicants will not be required to appear at any place for the examination but will be rated solely on the elements of age, experience and physical ability, as shown by their formal applications. Applicants must have had some previous experience as freeman in order to be considered eligible for this examination.

Applicants must be between the ages of twenty-one and fifty years, except honorably discharged soldiers and sailors of the War of the Rebellion, to whom the maximum age limit does not apply. They must also be free from physical defects such as the loss of an arm or leg, hernia, defective sight or hearing, etc.

The required application form can be secured from I. Goodwin Griffin, at the postoffice, or E. E. Stebbins, secretary board of examiners, Boston, Mass., and should be filed with the latter not later than April 10, 1906.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Lydia J. Hammond

The death occurred Wednesday night at her home in Elliot of Mrs. Lydia J. Hammond, aged seventy-eight years, seven months. She is survived by her husband, by one daughter, Mrs. R. W. Staples of this city, and by three sons, George C. Hammond of Malden, Mass., Frank J. of Everett, Mass., and John E. of Elliot.

Mrs. Mary L. Brown

Mrs. Mary L. Brown died today (Thursday) at her home in Rye at the age of seventy years.

Bernice A. Spencer

Bernice A., the fifteen months' old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred N. Spencer, died at the home of the child's uncle, Mr. Oscar Spencer, on Sixth street, Dover, on Monday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer resided in Portsmouth, but were in Dover visiting Mr. Spencer's brother, when the child was taken ill and died. The infant was brought to Berwick and taken to the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Fellows, from whose house the funeral was held.

LENTEN SERMON

Delivered by Rev. Edward Kane in Local Church

Rev. Edward Kane of Suncook, a classmate of Rev. William Cavanaugh of this city, preached a Lenten sermon at the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Wednesday evening to a large congregation, very attentive to the words of the young priest.

His sermon was instructive and decidedly interesting and those who had the pleasure of hearing Father Kane on Wednesday hope that he may take the pulpit here again during the Lenten season.

THE LATEST PLAN

Members Of Board Of Instruction

IS SAID TO BE TO DO AWAY WITH FOUR TEACHERS

A rumor is in circulation that the board of instruction purposes to meet the necessary cut in expenses by discharging the following teachers: Penmanship, John S. Montgomery; Sewing, Harriet M. Remick; Music, Geo. D. Whittier; Drawing, Minnie S. Bosworth. One of the members wanted to meet the cut by doing away with the two kindergartens, but the others of the board at the last meeting were, to a man, against this plan.

LECTURE ON CONSUMPTION

Dr. F. L. Hills, secretary of the New Hampshire Society for the Prevention of Consumption, will deliver his lecture, "The Warfare Against Consumption", in Association Hall on Thursday evening, March 29. The lecture will be under the auspices of the society and the Young Men's Christian Association. No admission will be charged and Dr. Hills will undoubtedly have a large audience.

HIP BADLY STRAINED

Ralph F. Ham badly strained his left hip on Wednesday afternoon as the result of a fall on the street. He was attended by Dr. C. W. Hannaford. Mr. Ham will probably be absent from his duties for some time.

DECORATE YOUR HOUSE

And Make It Attractive

Don't worry about the expense; drop me a postal card and I will call on you. I am the agent of the

SYRACUSE PAPER AND PULP CO.

The largest manufacturers and distributors in the world of wall papers. I have received their new sample book for 1906; they contain the most beautiful designs for halls, parlors, libraries, dining rooms, sitting rooms, bed rooms, etc., at very low prices. Let me give you an estimate and you will be surprised at the low prices. House painting in all its branches.

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STONE TOOL WORK A SPECIALTY
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Our Dollar Shirts

We've the biggest Dollar's worth of Shirts we know of. The man who likes a really good shirt, one that is well made, well cut, of good material, in good taste, and who yet does not care to pay over \$1.00 for a shirt, is the Man who should

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New Spring Shirts arriving daily.

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THE BEST LADDER MADE ANYWHERE
Is the Improved Combined Step and Extension Ladder.

Patented July 9, 1895, Aug. 11, 1896, Jan. 2, 1900.

The only ladder on the market that contains from six to twenty different lengths in itself. Telescopes to one-half its length. It is the only step-ladder made with sides of which can be utilized when open. The most durable ladder ever manufactured. It combines every purpose for which a ladder can be used. It is easily handled, extended at a lower cost, from the ground. One person can handle it. They are made of the best Norway pine, with hardwood rungs, and any width to suit purchaser. If you see one you want it.

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